

THE INTERNATIONAL PSYCHIC GAZETTE.

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Our Outlook Tower.

PSYCHIC INSTRUCTION IN A THEATRE.

IT is new phenomenon, and a gratifying one to psychic students to find their much disparaged and ill-understood beliefs being put forward sympathetically on a theatre programme, of all unlikely places. On the Savoy Theatre playbill, Mr. H. B. Irving prints the following quotation from Mr. Maurice Maeterlinck, to explain the *motif* of "The Barton Mystery":—

Psychometry is the faculty possessed by certain persons of placing themselves in relation, either spontaneously or, for the most part, through the intermediary of some object, with unknown and often very distant things and people. . . .

Forthwith the medium perceives not only the person in question, his physical appearance, his character, his habits, his interests, his state of health, but also, in a series of swift and changing visions which follow one another like the pictures of a cinematograph, sees and describes exactly that person's environment, the surrounding country, the rooms in which he lives, the people who live with him and who wish him well or ill. . . .

The object, having absorbed like a sponge, a portion of the spirit of the person who touched it, remains in constant communication with him, or, more probably, that it serves to track out, among the prodigious throng of human beings, the one who impregnated it with his fluid, even as the dogs employed by the police—at least so we are told—when given an article of clothing to smell, are able to distinguish, among innumerable cross-trails, that of the man who used to wear the garment in question.

MR. MAURICE MAETERLINCK'S PROGRESS.

In our March issue we referred to a quotation which seemed to indicate antagonism on the part of the great Belgian author to the Spiritualistic hypothesis as to the future life. We hesitated to believe that the isolated fragment quoted by "an old journalist" represented Maeterlinck's true position, and we invited the writer to supply the reference. He has, perhaps discreetly, taken no notice of our request. Mr. Maeterlinck has, however, answered for himself in a remarkable article on "Supernatural Communications in War Time," which appeared in the *Daily Chronicle* on April 5. Herein we find that the Belgian writer has made great progress in his psychical studies. What he used to tell his public was weak and unsatisfactory from the point of view of seasoned researchers. He appeared to have begun his expositions too soon. But there is, perhaps, some advantage in having been permitted to see a great thinker and author advancing in the open from the morass of doubt to the highlands of certainty. He is no longer to be counted among the lame and halting. He is in the article referred to even beginning to lift up his voice as a prophet of the light which has dawned upon him. We quote a few passages at random:—

"The Spiritualistic theory, which implies the intervention of the dead or of discarnate entities . . . is not as ridiculous as the profane would think.

"Having said so much, it is open to us, amid all the mental anguish and suffering which this terrible war has engendered, without profaning the sorrow of our fellow-men and women, to give to those who are in mortal fear as to the fate of one they love the hope of finding among those curious, extra-human phenomena, which have been so unjustly and falsely disparaged, a consoling gleam of light that shall not be a mere mockery or delusion? I venture to declare—and I am doing so not thoughtlessly, but after studying the problem with all the con-

scientious attention which it demands, and after personally making a number of experiments, or causing them to be made under my supervision—I venture to declare, without for a moment losing sight of the respect due to grief, that we possess here in these indisputable cases where no normal mode of communication is possible, a strange but real and serious source of information and comfort. . . .

"I repeat, mediumistic experience can show other instances of this kind. If it stood alone, it would be valueless, for it might well be explained by mere coincidence. But it forms part of a very normal series; and I could easily enumerate many others within my own knowledge.

"Is success, then, practically certain? Yes, rash and surprising as the statement may seem, mistakes on the whole are very rare, provided that the medium be carefully chosen."

FATHER BERNARD VAUGHAN,

in the same issue of the *Daily Chronicle* is reported to have told the following story at a meeting attended by royal personages at the Æolian Hall:—

Concerning the "Angels of Mons," Father Vaughan told a story for which he quoted Lord Portarlington as authority. A distinguished officer of the Irish Guards, "a man of matter-of-fact habits" was sitting at his headquarters at the front when a nun entered the room and told him that we could not win the war unless we prayed more. The officer dismissed her, and the next day complained to the Mother at the neighbouring convent. The Mother denied that any of the nuns were out at the time, and in order to prove this summoned them all for the officer to identify the visitor. He was unable to do so, but as he left the room he saw a portrait on the wall. "That is the lady," he told the Mother. "But she is dead," was the reply. "She was the Reverend Mother of this convent, and one upon whom we placed great reliance."

"God can do these things," added Father Vaughan, "and even if they are not true that should set us thinking, and make us put our house in order."

Such events are among the commonplaces of our everyday experience, but it is quite unusual to have them even guardedly confirmed from so distinguished a dignitary of the Roman Catholic Church.

THE STEAD BUREAU MEETINGS

are being continued with all their wonted vigour and success. They form an excellent opportunity for new inquirers to approach the subject of spirit-intercourse without committing themselves to anything beyond a sincere desire to know something of the conditions of life on which so many of their beloved have begun their new phase of existence. Full particulars of these meetings will be found on page 2 of cover.

PSYCHIC GAZETTE SATURDAY AFTERNOONS.

A new series of meetings which should be welcomed by people interested in psychic problems generally, and who may be unable to attend mid-week meetings, have been arranged for Saturday afternoons, in order to aid the Sustentation Fund of the *Psychic Gazette*. The lecturers and clairvoyants are all giving their services gratuitously, as an indication of their goodwill and helpfulness to our journal. The programme is printed on page 221, and should be found sufficiently attractive to ensure large audiences. Among the generous donations recently received for this Sustentation Fund are £5 from Hongkong and £7 12s. from the Edinburgh Association of Spiritualists.

OUR GUIDE TO SPIRITUALIST SOCIETIES.

We are preparing, and had hoped to have in this number, a page advertisement of the Spiritualist Societies who sell the *Psychic Gazette* from their bookstalls. All the particulars not having yet come to hand, it will appear in the May issue. This will give the addresses of the various churches or halls and the times of all meetings, and will be found a useful guide to *Gazette* readers not already in personal touch with the Movement. We trust it may prove at the same time helpful to the various Societies.

J. L.

After Death.

By J. ARTHUR HILL, Author of "New Evidences in Psychical Research,"
and "Religion and Modern Psychology."

IN a recent *Daily News* article Mr. William Archer discussed Immortality in his usual attractive and sensible style, but finished up in a state of complete equilibrium, sitting on the same old fence.

He says it would be a great deal too much to say that he believes in the evidence for a future life, but on the other hand he emphatically believes that there is "something in it." If this is all he can say—and in substance it is—it hardly seems worth saying.

It is assurance from those who know that is wanted—not graceful speeches from sitters on a fence. There is too much talking about "the evidence" by people who only read it in books—a method which ought not to convince anybody—and too little frank speaking on the part of those who really investigate; though these latter are more excusable, the subject of psychical research being yet barely respectable. Reputations are risked—reputations for ability and even sanity—by any such frank statement of experience. Yet it is only by such sacrifice that advance will be made. The people will get across the River of Doubt over our bodies.

* * * * *

For many years up to 1905 I was an agnostic, writing for the Rationalist Press Association, as Mr. Archer does now. I still have friendly feelings for those vigorously war-whooping anti-Christians; they were very much alive, nothing lethargic about them. My only complaint is that they are not Rationalists, though they think—or pretend to think—they are. They are, on the contrary, very emotional and unreasoning. They tend to attack, without thinking, any belief which happens to be part of Christianity—like survival of bodily death, for instance. If they stopped to think calmly, and to investigate, they would of course discover that this question is now found to be amenable to scientific method, and is in a fair way of being decided thereby, quite apart from the theologians and pulpiteers, with whom we desire to have as little as possible to do, because they are as much biassed For as the so-called Rationalists are biassed Against.

* * * * *

In 1905, then, full of Spencer, Mill, and Huxley, and fairly well satisfied that I knew what could or could not happen in this little Universe, I came up against (as the Americans say) a specimen of the despised class called mediums—low people whom Mr. Andrew Lang, although he wrote about them, said he would not willingly find himself in company with. The consequence of his over-fastidiousness was, that he remained ignorant, as I might have done if my fibre had been as delicate as his. But, as it happened not to be, I risked the adventure, made the acquaintance of mediums, and investigated as much as possible. Mr. Lang need not have been afraid. They are not the Endor sort at all! Nor—those I have met—the Sludge sort! They are a rather exceptionally sincere and good-hearted class, even if sometimes uneducated. The one who gave me my introduction to the subject was a woman who could neither read nor write. I am not talking of the fashionable

palmists and their tribe in Bond Street or elsewhere. I know nothing of them. I am talking of the genuine mediums whose names may be got from any experienced researcher or from the editors of high-class psychical journals such as *Light* or the *Psychic Gazette*. In London there are perhaps a dozen, or a score.

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I have not space to give experiences in detail, but I can say that the result of my investigation, plus knowledge of the investigations of my intimate friends, is that individual survival is to me a certainty. For many years I held out against it; prejudices die hard. First I assumed that the mediums were frauds—that they had made enquiries about me and my deceased relatives. This was exploded when I was told the most intimate family matter which I was absolutely sure the medium could not have normally heard of; this occurred many times. So I fell back on the second line of defence, which is Telepathy. Here I stuck for a year or two; for, on the telepathic theory no evidence counts if it is already in your own mind. The medium may get at it "somehow." I now think the telepathy-believers are rather credulous. Experimental telepathy is a fact, but my experience has led me to discredit this mind-reading, which is a different thing. I think what drove me out of the Telepathy trench was the naming and description and characterisation, by a clairvoyant, of a man entirely unknown to me, who turned out to have lived, the whole of the details given being absolutely correct. He was said at the séance to have been brought by a deceased friend or acquaintance of mine—correctly named and described—apparently for the express purpose of outflanking my telepathy-position.

* * * * *

It may be urged that the man's name and description may have been known to the medium; but I have good reason to feel quite sure they were not. Moreover, it is this same medium who has given me evidence which no amount of normal knowledge will account for. This or that isolated fact may be "explained" by this or that hypothesis; but the whole body of facts is consistently explained only by the existence of discarnate human beings who are still at times able to communicate with us.

Finally, as a sop to the "rationalists" and Mr. Archer, let me say that the state of the departed—who have not really "departed" at all, if departed means "left us"—is neither the orthodox Heaven nor the orthodox Hell. It is much more like this present life than either; though it is an improvement on it.

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"WHENCE AND WHITHER?"

(Letter to the Editor.)

Holt, Morden, Surrey.

DEAR SIR,—Will you kindly allow me to say that my book "Whence have I Come?" is purposely written to endeavour to prove that man derives his spirit as well as his physical and etheric bodies through his parents.

It is the essence of the book. Mr. Purvis's interesting letter is inclined to suggest otherwise. Yours truly,

RICHARD A BUSH.

Portrait Gallery.

No. 21.—MRS. WESLEY ADAMS.

MRS. WESLEY ADAMS is one of that famous group of sensitives whom Mr. W. T. Stead selected to co-operate with him in carrying on the important work of Julia's Bureau. They were all chosen with rare discrimination, for the genuineness of their psychic gifts, their zeal in making a trustworthy bridge for mankind between the world terrestrial and the world celestial, and their irreproachable personal honesty, have stood the test of time. It is not a small thing to be able to say that each and every one of them is as highly esteemed to-day as when they began their work for Julia and Mr. Stead many years ago. We hear a great song sometimes about mediums being quacks, and impostors, and charlatans, and what not, but such expressions are used mostly by persons who have never come into personal contact with any medium whatever, or who have been unable to lay aside preconceived misconceptions. Our readers will be pleased to have this excellent photograph of Mrs. Wesley Adams, which may be allowed to speak for itself—as to her refinement, her sincerity, and her kindness.

In a chat we have had with her at 191, Strand, just opposite the Gladstone Statue, and almost within a stone's throw of the W. T. Stead Bureau, we prompted her to tell us something of her interesting life as a psychic.

"I cannot tell you when my clairvoyance began," she said. "From my earliest childhood I used to see spirit-people, and what I saw was not imagination, but objective visions of real persons who had passed on. I have also constantly heard spirit-voices, and have been able to distinguish their personal tones.

"My father was a farmer, and the farmhouse in Norfolk where I was brought up was in a lonely place. There was a haunted room in it where the other children would not sleep, but I used to sleep in it alone. I remember one night my grandmother, who lived in Bury St. Edmunds, came to me there. I had only seen her once in my life, when I was very young, and I did not even know that she was ill. I was lying awake, and I saw her standing at the side of my bed. She said I was to tell my mother that she had 'only gone on.' In the morning I told my mother, but she only pooh-poohed the idea. Later in the day, however, news came that grandmother had died on the previous night.

"On my way to school I used to walk by way of a road which divided two plantations. That was always regarded as a weird sort of place and people used to say that things had been seen there. One afternoon in winter, when I was coming home alone I saw the form of a very old man at the side of the road. He had a long white beard and a peculiar black robe, which covered him right to his feet. As I approached he stepped out to the middle of the road, but as I looked at him he disappeared in front of my eyes. I was frightened and ran home, but my people said it was only the talk of the village! I was only about eight or nine years old then, but I knew better. The man

had the appearance of some old magician.

"In the haunted room I used also to hear peculiar noises. Often I heard sounds like the winding up of the chain of a well. There was a well outside the window, and often when I heard this noise I used to get up and look out of the window to see whether anyone was drawing water, but there was usually nobody about. My sisters used also to hear these noises, but no one was ever able to explain them to us.

"As a child I was always more or less interested in religious work and was often controlled by spirit-people. I used to speak and pray spontaneously in the Methodist meetings when I was not more

than six. The old gentleman who was our class Leader used to say he could not understand where I got all my language, and he must have been puzzled, because he knew nothing at all about the wonders of spirit-control. All the same they used to call me 'the little witch.' I was never really conscious or aware of what was spoken through me.

"In later years, when at Clacton-on-Sea, a gentleman who was visiting us discovered that I had some ability in thought-transference. He was a prominent engineer, and by way of experiment he used to think of things he wished me to do, and without speaking I used to act what he was thinking. I succeeded so well in these experiments that I gave demonstrations of thought-transference in some of the West End London halls, and also in Egypt and Malta. The Gaekwar of Baroda, the great Indian prince, once hid a number of articles in his suite of rooms at Shepherd's Hotel, Cairo, and without any hesitation I went straight to the places where he had hid them and picked them up.



MRS. WESLEY ADAMS.

"I met Mrs. Gunn, a well known medium, at Felixstowe, about twenty years ago, and she suggested we should sit together. She gave me a message from my cousin who had passed to the spirit-world, and that was really so convincing that when I returned to London from my holiday I started my investigation of the subject of spirit-intercourse. I had always recognised that I was surrounded by spirit-people, and all I then learned seemed quite natural. At my first seance I was nearly controlled, but was too nervous to let myself go. Later, however, I cultivated going into deep full trance for my own satisfaction, as I wanted to be quite sure that any communications that came through me had nothing whatever to do with myself.

"I worked for the Spiritualist Church at Brixton for many years, and used to give sittings for the benefit of the Church, until I was induced to take up the work professionally. I frequently, however, conduct the Sunday services for Spiritualist Churches, but have always done so gratuitously.

"All my life I was interested in Mr. Stead, and I read everything he wrote that I could find. My greatest wish always was to meet him, but I never had the courage to approach him. When Julia's Bureau was started Mr. Stead sent for me, and that was one of the happiest moments of my life, but it was mixed with its own bitterness, for I was ill with influenza at the time, and was thus unable to keep the appointment. Mr. Stead had heard of my work from a lady who had been wonderfully helped through me, and he used to send me many inquirers who had applied at Julia's Bureau. When I visited the Bureau for the first time, Mr. Stead said on greeting me—'I am glad to meet you, Mrs. Adams, for you have done some valuable work for us.' He invited me to tell him what I saw and felt in his own sanctum, and I sat down there and then and gave him my impressions. From that time onwards I was working continuously for the Bureau.

"I have done a great deal of platform work both in London and in the provinces, but that I gave up when the private work came to occupy my whole time. In dealing with individuals one gets nearer to their souls in private sittings than by public speaking. A great number of people have come to me through the war, and they come again and again. They are mostly persons outside the ordinary reach of Spiritualistic teachers. A young lady who came to me lately said that in this awful sorrow rich and poor were standing side by side, and she felt that the artificial barriers dividing people were being swept away. She is a lady of very high standing in the world and now lives in the daily realisation of the presence and influence of the spirit-people.

"I should like to say that the value of the whole thing depends on the plane you seek it on, and its value must be realised by one's own inner powers. I believe every one has the power latent in himself to prove the truth of Spiritualism for himself. A medium may be able to open the gates, but the inquirer must be willing to himself pass into the open fields. I believe every one has spiritual gifts—even though he is not a religious person—but these gifts are covered up and not brought to the surface owing to the rather hard and difficult conditions under which one has to live. The world to-day is waking up to the truth and principles of the Spiritualistic philosophy, and even the Church is beginning to voice them in its own terms. I know that is so, and I am glad, for it is spiritual communion on a high plane which is the greatest of all blessings that God has ever given to men."

THE KING'S PLEDGE.

By the King's Proclamation.—"No wine, spirits or beer to be consumed in any of His Majesty's houses after to-day, April 6th, 1915."

His heart was fraught with sorrow,
Alas! stand England so?
Though sovereign, he was powerless,
To stay the tide of woe.
Just then, a listening Angel,
Who, unseen, hovered near,
O'ercome with swift compassion
Soft whispered in his ear.

"As monarch, true, thou'rt powerless
To stem the force of wrong,
As brother-man and comrade,
Thou'rt strongest of the strong."
The King's sad visage brightened,
And through the unshed tears,
His eyes shone with new gladness—
Transfigured doubts and fears.

As brother-man and comrade,
His heart began to sing,
"I too can help my people,
Thank God! although I'm King.
Until the war is over,
No wine shall deck Our board,
Each man's his brother's keeper—
A truth too oft ignored."

As brother-man and comrade
He reigns in every heart,
And we, his loyal comrades,
My play a royal part.
'Gainst "Might" and Drink, twin dragons,
We'll fight, head, heart and hand,
With good King George to hasten
Love's reign in every land.

"King George and Merrie England!"
Shall be our battle-cry,
Heaven puts the poet's question,
"Who lives if England die?"
And Cosmic voices thunder,
"Saint George and the Allies!"
While Earth repeats their answer,
"If Britain live, who dies?"

FELICIA R. SCATCHERD.

"Felix Rudolph."

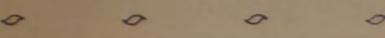
14, Park Square, London, N.W.

April 6, 1916.



THE SPIRITUALIST MOTOR AMBULANCES.

Every *Gazette* reader who wishes to help the splendid *Two Worlds* Motor Ambulance Scheme—and who does not?—should send 7d. in penny stamps for a set of pictorial postcards showing the cars, to Mr. J. J. Morse, 14, Corporation Street, Manchester



THE MAY NUMBER

of the *Psychic Gazette* promises to be one of unusual interest, some particularly excellent articles having arrived when our pages for April were already filled. These include:—

Practical Clairvoyance—Bert Reece. By Felicia R. Scatcherd.

The Mystical Side of Spiritualism. By Hanson G. Hey.

The Value of Psychical Science—Scientists and Unfamiliar Phenomena. By G. E. Owen.

Where was the Garden of Eden? By Walter Firminger.

Mediumship in South Wales. By Horace Leaf.

The Human Aura in Health and Disease. By Lewis Firth.

In addition to these and other articles on the way there will be reports of lectures given during April which promise to be of exceptional importance.

Guardianship from the Unseen Side.

A CLERGYMAN'S REMARKABLE PERSONAL EXPERIENCES.

THE Rev. J. Brunton Aitken narrated some most interesting even startling evidence of guardianship from the unseen side of life to his fellow-members of the International Club for Psychical Research on March 15. Mr. Brunton Aitken's graphic stories may be accepted without reserve as true happenings, as he is an absolutely trustworthy witness, and though they may, to the uninitiated, resemble romance, they are all well within the scope of acknowledged psychic experience in ancient times and modern days.

SAVED FROM A GAS EXPLOSION.

One evening, while I was living in the Manse at Margate, I was feeling tired, and as twilight was setting in, I thought I would have a little rest before lighting the gas, and lay down on a couch. My eyes were closed for about two minutes, when I suddenly saw in vision the gas-ring of the geyser in the bathroom turned full on. I at once felt it was a strange vision, and had a meaning. Accordingly I rushed upstairs to the bathroom and when I opened the door I was nearly knocked down by an overpowering smell of gas. The gas-ring was full on. I turned it off at once, opened the window and door, and let the gas go free. If I had not acted at once on receiving that warning, a maid would have gone into that bathroom with a lighted taper to light the gas. She would probably have been killed and the window and roof would have been shattered. But we were saved from such a calamity because I was sufficiently psychic and sensitive to have received from some ministering one a picture of the open geyser gas-ring, and I thank God for it. We had at the time a new foreign governess. She had gone to the bathroom to draw some water, and not knowing anything of geysers had turned the gas on full cock, and finding the water did not run she did not turn it off again.

THE MAN WITH THE BULL-NECK.

Another instance is this. I was staying at Ealing, and one morning just when I was awaking, I saw in vision the head and ruddy face of a man with a bull-neck, and clairaudiently I heard a voice saying to me in very warning and excited tones—"Do you see that man with the bull-neck? Beware of him!" Then the vision flashed away. I did not know what it could refer to. That day I had to go into the City. I went to Shepherd's Bush, where I entered the Tube train for the Bank. I usually carried a book to read on these journeys, but when I sat down I said to myself—"How stupid! I have forgotten my book." But there was a Providence in it. Having nothing to read, I closed my eyes and began a little meditation. I opened my eyes in the midst of it for a moment, and there at an angle of 25 degrees from me I saw the face I had seen in glimpse in the morning. He was a gentleman as far as dress was concerned, for he wore a silk hat and frock-coat. But as I opened my eyes his face resembled that of a beast of prey, and his eyes were riveted on a valuable diamond ring I was wearing. I at once closed my eyes so that the man should not see I had taken any notice, but I said to myself—"Be warned! What must my policy be?" I determined to put on my glove just before leaving the train, and I also said to myself that on getting out I would

walk towards the stair exit instead of going to the lift, to see what would happen. I did so, and just at this exit the man passed me hurriedly and went up the spiral, two steps at a time. He was a powerful man, and I said to myself—"He is going to wait for me half-way up!" I therefore turned back and walked to the lift. Just as the gates of the lift were being closed, the man entered. He had come down the stairs and followed me. He looked round the passengers face to face until his eyes rested on mine, and I stared him out of countenance with a steadfast steady gaze till his eyes fell. When we all got out of the lift he went off like a shot! He was immediately out of sight and I could not get up the steps in time to be near him. He had taken fright. Perhaps he thought I was a detective in the guise of a clergyman! I might have received personal bodily damage and lost my ring if I had not received that warning—"Do you see that man with the bull-neck? Beware of him!" Again I thank God for this instance of guardianship from the unseen.

WHAT HAPPENED ON THE SEVENTH.

When at Margate I saw in vision on two different occasions, with an interval of three days between, the figure 7 held before me. I interpreted it as meaning that on the 7th day of the following month something unusual would occur. Shortly afterwards I happened to meet a clairvoyant friend of mine, and while speaking with her she said—"What is going to happen to you on the 7th?" I said—"I do not know." She said—"I see a large figure 7 over your head." I said, "I have seen it twice; it is for you to tell me what it means." She said, "I cannot, but write and tell me after the 7th what has happened." The 7th fell on a Monday. On the Sunday I had had a very busy day, and not feeling at all inclined to sleep at the close of the day, and being much wound up with much speaking and thinking, I sat in my easy chair to quietly read one of Mallock's philosophical novels. And this is the first thing that happened. As I was reading a left-hand page of that interesting book I saw an electric spark on a sentence at the foot of the next page, which I had not yet begun. I looked to see what was printed there and I read—"The news will be serious, but you will be able to bear it!" I took that as a psychic intimation to comfort my heart, to tell me that whatever might happen I might remain calm. I sat up till nearly midnight. Then I went to bed wondering what untoward thing was about to happen. While I lay with my eyes closed, I suddenly saw some black feathers and a flash of lightning. I knew that a vision of lightning meant sudden news and that black feathers meant of a disagreeable kind. However, I went to sleep. Shortly after two o'clock I was awakened by a tremendous knocking at the door, and a bright light was being flashed through the bedroom window. I threw on my dressing-gown and rushed downstairs. When I opened the door I saw a sergeant of police and a constable. The sergeant said—"Do you know that your governess has left your house during the night? We met her three-quarters of an hour ago tearing down the street and swinging her hat. We have taken

her to the female warder's house at the police-station." Mrs. Aitken came downstairs at that moment and I said—"The governess has gone!" Now the governess slept in a balcony room with our little girl, and our first thought was, had she done anything to our little girl? There was a great heart disturbance, and my wife and I could hardly speak from nervous anxiety. I rushed to the bedroom door, and it was locked! I ran round, however, by the balcony and found the French window open, and there we discovered our little girl lying soundly asleep, for which we thanked God. Well now, this governess was under notice to leave as we were going to send our daughter to school. And it appeared that she was heartbroken. She had previously been in a situation where she had been hardly dealt with and my wife had been kind to her. Under an

impulse of severe hysteria she had climbed over the balcony and slid down the supporting wooden column on to the lawn. Her brain had for the time being given way. Throughout these startling events we had great anxiety, the news was serious, but we were able to bear it. That was another example of guardianship from the unseen, preparing us for a great shock which otherwise might have had disastrous effects.

I think we have all reason to thank God for His ministering angels, for even if we are not psychic, and are unable to see or hear them, we may be sure of this, that we have their succouring guardianship all the same. It is a good thing to know that it is so, but the best thing of all is to experience it, and I think that is true of every one of us.

The Occult Signification of Names.

By ANGELA.

"A ROSE by any other name would smell as sweet," says Shakespeare, but would it? Is there not something in the word ROSE, with its open vowel sound and impervious brevity, that seems eminently suggestive of the Flower Queen, glowing so radiantly in the sunshine, flinging her fragrance so regally upon the air, and embalmed in a faint, subtle sweetness after death?

Take then the word VIOLET, and pronounce it softly, lingering tenderly on the three syllables. Is it not suggestive of "linked sweetness long drawn out," of a shy, sweet personality, giving up its heart in fragrance; but not like the queenly rose, opening glowing petals to the sun and wandering airs, but shyly, persuasively, from a hidden nest of leaves and waving grass?

Though many do not know it there is an occult significance in names. Students of the hidden mysteries of the Kabbala, or of the Science of the Pythagorean Philosophy of Numbers, can deduce from the names of individuals something of their personality and characteristics. That nothing happens by chance in a universe governed by law is an axiom, admitted as a truth by all occultists, and the name we bear shows how far we have travelled on our cosmic journey, our strength and weakness, and our specific work upon this planet.

Not only are these useful facts discernible, but by the vibration of the name is shown what other denizens of the different nature kingdoms are in sympathy with our own special sphere, the birds, flowers, gems, colours, etc., which vibrate in harmony with our own keynote. Every letter of the alphabet has its own rate of vibration and colour, according to the great world teacher Pythagoras, he whose clear spirit was sufficiently awake in his body of flesh to hear echoes of the music of the spheres, and to know that the world and systems of worlds move to melody.

To know one's own keynote is to know something of one's true place in the orchestra of the gods, and to be able to select consciously, from the various kingdoms of nature, the things that really belong to each individual by the spiritual law of affinity. By the same means it is possible to disassociate oneself from those elements which are inharmonious and antagonistic.

One of the features of many occult orders is the

conferring of a "new name" upon the initiate, a name that will raise the vibrations of the personality and have a regenerating influence upon his life. The subject of the occult properties of names, regarded in its deepest aspect, is something very sacred and awe-inspiring. The Kabbala gives the sacred names for the different aspects of Godhead and the powers of these names were invoked in the magical rites of students of this great book, among whom may be mentioned Cornelius Agrippa. "God," it was declared by the Kabbalists, "gave to all things their name," a name mystically suited to the recipient.

Through the knowledge of certain names, or words of power, it was said that Moses overcame the sorcerers of Egypt, Elias brought fire from heaven, and Daniel closed the lions' mouths. Reuchlin, a great mystic, in the year 1517 wrote his famous treatise on the "Mirific Word," the true name of Deity, by the pronouncement of which all creation is ruled, all miracles wrought, all universes stirred to their innermost foundations. The magic of the Northmen, the runic spells, the mantra of India are all based upon belief in the occult power of sound, and the esoteric significance of numbers has been recognised by the greatest philosophers, and also by such eminent churchmen as Augustine, Jerome and Origen. By extracting the numerical value of a name, hidden truths are brought to light. Every planet and element has its number, for it has been well said that "God geometrises," and the stability of the universe rests upon the foundation of mathematics.

Even to the ordinary individual, the recognition of the esoteric side of mundane things will cause life to appear grander in scope and of more profound interest.

To know himself is man's first and last duty, and the study of the hidden meaning of his name is a means to self-revelation, and will enable him to place himself in the pathway that leads him inevitably to his destiny of Power and Wisdom.



No individual existence is near any other with that intimacy which each has with the Spirit of Life; there is no familiarity in the world like the eternal familiarity.—
Henry Mills Alden.

"Once I was Blind, now I See."

ANOTHER MARVELLOUS CURE BY MR. ALEXANDER ERSKINE.

TRULY one of the very happiest young ladies in the City of London to-day is Signorina Cesira Cattaneo. For three long years she suffered from all the deep misery and despair of being totally blind, and now she sees! In an interview she was good enough to give us a few days ago we asked the Signorina to tell us something of her feelings when she was "walking in darkness." And the reply came straight from her heart—

"Oh," she said, "it was terrible. I sat and sat, and wept and wept, and many a time I thought I would put an end to my life. I could not read, or sew, or do anything. I felt I was just in the way. I could not go out-of-doors unless mamma or my sister took me, and then I could see nothing, so I mostly sat at home in a chair. I was not able to work. I was very unhappy. But now I can see everything! I can thread needles! As the Tube train goes through a station I can tell the time by the clock."

"Can you see this small watch?"

"Yes, of course I can, and the time on it is nearly a quarter to one."

"You are quite right. Now please tell me all about yourself, for the readers of the *Psychic Gazette* are sure to want to know every detail. Begin right at the beginning, and don't go too fast for I must write it down."

"Oh, where must I begin?"

"I shall help you by questions."

And this is the brief story of her life Signorina Cattaneo, assisted occasionally by her mother, gave us.

"I am an Italian, for papa was born in Venice and mamma in Luca in Toscana, but I was born in Brazil. Papa was playing in the orchestra of the Lyrical Theatre there at the time. We are a musical family. Papa plays the big bass at Madame Tussaud's, my sister is a violin player, my brother is a 'cello player, and I am a pianist. I was educated at the French School in Leicester Square until I was twelve, and then I went to the school at St. Martin's in the Fields for two years. After that I stayed at home with mamma till I was seventeen. Then I thought I must begin to work, so I went to play the piano in a Cinema, at first in London and then in the country. When in the country I felt one evening that my eyes were weak, for I could scarcely see the music. But I thought I had only caught cold. However, it was really cataract, and when I woke up next morning I could not see at all. You understand illnesses come quickly, but they are very, very slow to go away."

"But your illness has gone quickly this time."

"Oh yes, after three years, but that is not very quickly."

"Well that is quick at any rate," we said. And the Signorina laughed apologetically as if to say she was so sorry to have demolished her critical cross-examiner!

"When I came home the doctors found that I had a cataract on the right eye, and I underwent four different operations at the hospitals in order to have the cataract removed, but it was all no use; and I was finally told I would not be able to see, and that my right eye was 'finished.' Now all my life I had only looked out of my right eye,

for my left eye was blind. So now I was stone blind! I would never see any more, I thought, and for three years I did not."

"And how did you come to hear of Mr. Erskine?"

"Oh, I went to the Academy of Music in Princes Street one night and I met Mrs. Fairclough-Smith, and she came to see me, and was very kind, and tried to heal me, but still I did not see. On another night, at the Academy, a lady whom I do not know said to me, 'Why don't you go to Mr. Erskine? He once made a little girl who had been born blind see. He is very clever.' I said I would like to go to him, and the lady wrote to him, and he gave me an appointment. So mamma and I came to him."

"When was that?"

"On Friday, the 10th of March."

"You mean this year?"

"Oh yes, only two weeks ago."

"Then what happened?"

"Oh, Mr. Erskine made me see at once. I could see everything so clear and bright."

"Yes, yes, but tell me how?"

"The first time I came here I just put my mind to it, and I said to myself, 'I am sure all shall be all right.' If you have no hope, you know, nothing does you any good, but I had good hope. I sat down in the doctor's big chair, and he put me to sleep. I was right asleep. I had no thoughts, but I understood all that was going on, I could hear his voice when he spoke to me. When I awoke I could see everything. Everybody says Mr. Erskine is clever, but I say he's wonderful. It was a miracle. He made my blind eye see, and now he is working on my right eye which the doctors said was 'finished.' It was as soft as a rag and was sinking in. Already it has become firm and hard, and it is coming out ever so nice again, and I can distinguish different colours with it. When I got home my father said he was very pleased, and they were all very happy about it. I shall not go back again to the Cinema. I shall try to go on the stage as a singer, for I sing Italian, French and English songs, and I can extemporise a little on the piano."

"Mr. Erskine is going to lecture to readers of the *Psychic Gazette* in the end of next month, would you care to come with him and sing something to us?"

"I shall be pleased to. I can keep people happy in entertainment. I will sing anything you wish, if you will only let me know beforehand."

"We shall all be delighted to hear you."

* * * * *

Mr. Alexander Erskine, who is the leading London authority on hypnotism to-day, kindly received us at his consulting-rooms at 41, Great Cumberland Place, Marble Arch, W., when we expressed a wish to have his version of this extraordinary case.

"The story is very simple," he said in his direct way. "One eye was good. With the right eye the young lady could see beautifully. The left eye was always blind. Three years ago she contracted cataract on the good eye. She was operated on at several hospitals where she

was promised her sight, but the operations not being successful she became stone-blind. She was breaking her heart, when some lady friend sent her to me. I said, 'I cannot say anything about the cataract eye, but if you will go to sleep there is a possibility that the left eye only wants co-ordination, and we may be able to revive the nervous energy that is necessary.' She said she would try, and she added, 'I feel sure you are going to cure me.' I said, 'That is good.' She is a Catholic young lady, and the more emotion one can excite in such cases, the more one can affect the subconscious mind, for that is the seat of all emotion, belief, or disbelief. I said to her, 'You believe in Jesus Christ, do you?' She replied, 'I do.' I said, 'By your living faith in Him, see!' She was then under hypnosis. She instantly saw. She opened her eyes and saw me. Before I awakened her I asked her, 'What is the time by my watch?' and she told me correctly. So then I knew she could see, and I awakened her. When she woke she was so quiet, and her mother, who was with her, was so extraordinarily quiet, that I thought, 'This is strange. Isn't she happy?' So I said to her, 'Can you really see now?' She said, 'Of course I can,' and she pointed to the flowers in the room, and mentioned their colours. I said, 'You don't seem to be very happy, then.' She said, 'Oh yes, I am; I am quite happy.' I said, 'Come and see me to-morrow.' When to-morrow came she bounded into the house in the most joyous way and shouted, 'I can see much better than yesterday.' I said, 'Yes, so it seems. You are happy then.' 'Happy!' she said, 'of course I am happy.' So I came to the conclusion that she had been so staggered the day before at seeing again that she was rather overcome by it, and her mother could not quite believe it. I discovered to-day that she has a most beautiful soprano voice and that she may succeed as a singer. She must not strain her eyes by attempting to read music for a month, but she can see across the road, and everything else."

"Have you had any other recent cases, Mr. Erskine, of great interest?"

"I have had some extraordinary successes," he replied, "in cases of intemperance. There were two cases of hereditary intemperance, in which the patients were unfortunate temperamentally. One man had become very seriously dangerous to his family through his drinking habits. He would eventually have gone into an asylum. A great point was that he could not sleep, and sleep is one of the most precious things on earth. He came and was hypnotised. I then suggested to him that he would not only lose his place as a man and gentleman in this world, but also his soul in the next into the bargain, and break the heart of his family. I also suggested to him that the very smell of alcohol would become distasteful to him for that reason, and that if he touched it again he would be instantly sick. I said to him, 'Unless you in your own soul and manhood desire that this should be stopped it will go on and end in ruin, and if you are not honest with yourself my treatment will have no effect. Therefore you must not give it up to please your wife or anybody else, but for your own soul's sake.' He woke up, and he has never drunk again. He had further treatment to create what we call the necessary reflex, that is the new habit of disliking alcohol. When that is formed and becomes part of the

subconscious reflex the man is cured. He has been sleeping well, attending to his business regularly, he is very happy, and his influence in his home is magnificent. He is an entirely changed man.

"The other man was very, very earnest and sincerely wanted to give up the drink, the craving for which absolutely controlled him. He had unhappily given it up for a time, but had gone back to his old habits. I treated him successfully, and he said to me, 'The world appears to me to be a new place; old happinesses are returning and new happinesses come? He is full of energy for his work, and is exceedingly happy.'"



THE PLACE OF CLAIRVOYANCE.

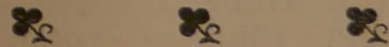
(Letter to the Editor.)

DEAR SIR,—*Re* the article by Mr. Lewis Firth in your February Number, and his remark on clairvoyance, he states that giving it a foremost place in Spiritualist meetings is placing the cart before the horse, and is like casting pearls before the Spiritually blind. May I ask if Mr. Firth considers the demonstrations of clairvoyance given from the platforms of the various societies by leading clairvoyants come under these descriptions. Does he consider the people who attend these meetings are spiritually blind? Speaking generally, if they were not spiritually awake, would they be present in such numbers week after week? Is he not aware of the solace and comfort that has been brought to many who have been assured of the nearness of their loved ones, by the descriptions and messages that have been received from clairvoyants? Does he really think that the ladies and gentlemen who have given demonstrations of clairvoyance, say, at "The W. T. Stead Bureau," have been abusing or degrading this wonderful faculty?—Yours faithfully,
P. H. ROOFE.

DEAR SIR,—In reply to Mr. P. H. Roofe, may I honestly say, that I have no desire to enter into a controversy on the points raised, but will gladly offer a categorical answer to his queries.

(1) I cannot withdraw any word from my article on clairvoyance, as it is based on a fairly wide experience of observations made in public work as an itinerant lecturer. (2) My friend has made the usual mistake of assuming that if clairvoyance and allied phenomena were eliminated from the public platform, solace and comfort could not be given. (3) I am entirely opposed to public demonstrations of clairvoyance, however good the descriptions may be. (4) Numbers neither prove, nor imply, spiritual awareness. (5) Experience has taught me that the numbers who turn up to witness clairvoyance remain at that alphabetical stage of inquiry, and are a hindrance to the growth of spirituality in the Movement. (6) I believe that the "W. T. Stead's Bureau" and all well conducted private séances are the ideal atmospheres in which clairvoyant descriptions, both convincing and uplifting, may be obtained.—Yours sincerely,

LEWIS FIRTH.



No man or woman of the humblest sort can really be strong, gentle, pure and good, without somebody being helped and comforted by the very existence of that goodness.—*Phillips Brooks.*

Keep ever in mind that each living soul in all God's universe is a radiating centre of the Perfect One—some radiating more and some less, according to the awakened consciousness of the individual.—*H. Emile Cady.*

There are countless numbers to-day, weak and suffering in body, who would become strong and healthy if they would only give God an opportunity to do His work. To such I would say, *Don't shut out the Divine inflow.* In the degree that you open yourselves to it, its inflowing tide will course through your bodies, a force so vital that the old obstructions, dominating them to-day, will be driven out before it.—*Ralph Waldo Trine.*

The Great Awakening.

A MYSTICAL VISION.—By W. H. EVANS.

"He is not dead, but sleepeth."—*Jesus.*

"IN visions of enraptured thought," my spirit soared upward over the world. Beneath, like a flaming jewel, was mother earth, my home when in the flesh. Around me, wheeling in glory, revolved the Worlds Splendid, bathed in that light which "was never seen on sea or land." In contemplative calm I watched and meditated upon the great mysteries of life and being. Being full of the spirit which yearns to know truth, the screen of matter slowly faded from my view, leaving for me the essences of the worlds of sense and time; the underlying reality which escapes us so often when we are imprisoned in our houses of clay.

And first, I beheld that that which we call empty space was not empty, but filled with a finer substance, which I can only liken unto light. It was fluid, and seemed to hold all the worlds, as though they were bubbles blown up from its substance, each reflecting something of its own glory. It was the visible outbreathing—the Living Word rendered tangible to our limited sense perception. For wherein lieth all those qualities which we find in matter, if not also in the soul of man? The outer ever changes with the inner, and although we say God is unchangeable, is He in our outer life anything else but change? So I thought, as I contemplated the vision of the great ocean of Spirit, washing every orb, holding all, sustaining all, and bearing on its bosom the Living Power which keeps all in being.

And lo! as I floated in, rather than on, this spiritual ocean, I saw around me many whom I knew had passed through the great change. You know that change, the great incident that occurs in all life, the wonder worker whose name is Change. And as I saw the "old familiar faces," and the new, I felt the reality of that inner bond which binds all into one. For there are not many, as we suppose; there is only one, and that One is God, and we are in God, and God is in us; and His life sustains all, and His consciousness directs all. Thus do I know that the Divine One is, because I am.

And as they gathered round me, the old friends and the new, and as I felt the unity which knit us together, and the warm pulsating love that was ours, there came up from the deep below, where the Emerald Star, Mother Earth, rotated, a sharp piercing cry: a cry so full of anguish, so full of the world's pain, so direful with woe, that I shuddered, smitten to the core of my being with a nameless dread. And yet, I knew the meaning of that cry, but I cannot express it in words. And turning I bowed over the earth in supplication, and with hands outstretched would have covered all in the mantle of divine love. And as I bowed, I felt the great throbbing of the world's heart, beating in anguish and woe, while the sob of a stricken humanity pierced my soul with pain. And in anguish I cried aloud, "How long, O God! how long?" And around, a chorus of voices sang in answer, "Until the work of emancipation be accomplished."

I turned again, and lo! as I watched, there unrolled before my inner vision—for I saw not with my outward eyes—the travail of humanity. And it seemed, as I watched, that I saw the

beginnings of the life-manifestation on earth. I saw the pure flame—for life is flame-like, and its analogue on the physical is fire—become incarnated in the matter of the world. It sank deep, so deep that it seemed as though extinguished, but, on looking closely I saw a number of tiny sparks. Then did I see that the flame had become split up into innumerable fragments, but each had the quality of the whole, and each could develop into the pure flame of life, and each was quenchless.

Then the wonder began. From the outer world it attracted all that it needed, and the march of life had begun. Upward now was its striving, for does not the flame always leap upward? And Life reaches forward and upward. And, in response to the inner urge, new forms and ever new became manifest, until, after ages, man appeared.

Then a new wonder was manifest. The flame of life reaching upward mingled with an atmosphere that was not of earth, but of the heaven. So I saw that the life of man was fed with Manna from heaven.

But the way was long, the road toilsome and hard, and even yet man has not awakened from his slumber. He breathes the air of heaven but is not conscious of it. He lives in the spirit but deems it matter. His vision is limited, for the little self has blinded his eyes, and he knows not his brother. Hence he goes forth to slay and be slain, knowing not that the great solvent of all is Love.

And behold as I turned my gaze away from the Emerald Star, and looked toward the East, there appeared before me the Son of Man. He appeared suspended in the heavens, his arms outstretched, his head drooped over his shoulder, his eyes were closed. And looking closely I saw that he was "not dead, but sleeping."

And I wondered what the vision might mean, when there came to me the sense that here was the Divine Humanity, awaiting the great awakening, which could only come through suffering and pain. Then was my soul filled with a great desire to awaken the sleeper. Kneeling before him, I embraced his feet, weeping with a great pity. And I prayed that his eyes might be opened, that the arms outstretched might have power to save.

And as I prayed, I felt a tremor go through my frame, just as leaves tremble before the approaching wind. Venturing to look up, I saw his eyes were open, and gazing wonderingly over the world. Then his arms moved and from his fingers streamed radiant lines of fire, and they filled the earth with light.

Then did the cries of anguish cease, and a new cry arose, a cry of great joy and gladness. And looking down I seemed to see the nations of the world, which had been contending one with another gazing upward. In their eyes was a new light, and on their countenances a new glory.

And one came amongst them carrying a babe, and as all eyes turned toward it I saw arising the new religion, the religion of the Divine Humanity. And behold! I saw that the Son of Man, who was also the Son of God, became merged into the

nations of the world. Then the nations broke forth into singing. And wonderful was the song they sang, and great was their triumph.

Then it faded away. I had seen the Great Awakening. And I knew as I had always known in my heart, that the "Golden Age" will yet dawn. That in the lives of many it has already dawned.

And, mingling with the old friends and the new, I rejoiced with a great gladness, so that when we gazed at one another it was through a mist of tears. And they said, "Go back, brother, to

your house of clay. Glorify it, and give to others the vision that has been yours. For the world is on the verge of the Great Awakening, and the prophets and teachers are needed. The spiritual consciousness of the race will receive its quickening, and there shall come the Vision Splendid, which falling upon the souls of men will transform them into angels of light and wisdom."

And as I sank downward to the Emerald Star, there came the sound of happy childish laughter. I hailed it as a promise, for the light of God is even now spreading over the world.

A Glimpse of the Beautiful Beyond.

By M. RHODES.

The following interesting vision is given as a real experience of the author, who says she often travels in Spirit, when she *knows* she is not asleep.

SHE came to me in the twilight, as I sat musing. I was recovering from a severe illness, and felt rather languid and tired. The lovely face, and its pansy eyes with curling lashes, somehow seemed familiar. Yet I could not think where I had seen before a being so beautiful. The soft chestnut hair fell in flowing waves over her shoulders, and hung in rich profusion over the snowy draperies which clothed her lovely form, while the curling tendrils fell over her smooth white brow. As the Beautiful Lady stood gazing at me with a loving smile on her tender lips, I wondered whence she came, and why.

I lay back in my chair, and a series of vivid pictures seemed to pass before my eyes. I was back again in my early married life, with my dear husband, and in my arms I held my wee baby girl, cooing and laughing, and looking up at me with —! I started, for there I saw the same pansy eyes and curling lashes, the same sweet tendrils of soft chestnut hair, and I *knew* why the lovely face seemed so familiar. It was just what I could picture my wee baby's to have been now, had she been spared to me. But I had *lost* her almost as soon as she came.

As the picture faded, I saw the Beautiful Lady holding out her hands to me, as if she wanted me to go with her. I raised myself and took her hands, and then we seemed to float away. On and on we went, and I could see the buildings, and the fields, and trees getting farther away, and fainter and fainter, until we two seemed to be alone in space. The sky was covered with myriads of stars, and one bright star, upon which my eyes were fixed, seemed to get larger and larger, as though we were getting nearer to it. How long we continued floating towards it I do not know. A delicious dreamy languor seemed to have stolen over me. I closed my eyes, and I felt as if I should have been content to go on so for ever.

But presently I heard a sweet voice saying—"Mother, here's Daddy coming to meet us!" I raised my eyes and saw my dear husband, whom I thought I had also *lost*, nearly twenty years ago. He came forward eagerly, and clasped us both in his arms; and for a time I knew nothing but a blissful feeling of content and rest.

When I again opened my eyes, we three were sitting on a beautiful sloping terrace of green, with magnificent avenues of trees leading away into the distance to lovely glades, where I caught sight of what appeared to be great white houses or mansions. The loveliest blossoms and flowers

were growing in profusion around us, and gave out a delicious perfume that was almost intoxicating. Behind us was a stately building, with walls which seemed to be of very delicately carved ivory, and which yet appeared to be so soft and shimmering as almost to resemble very fine and delicate lace.

With the arms of my dear ones clinging around me, I rose and entered the building. Inside were rooms furnished with soft couches, more like fleecy clouds than anything else I can liken them to. Books, with beautiful bindings were there in plenty, and all kinds of musical instruments too. Lovely pictures covered the walls, and in one room, which I learned was my husband's, I noticed a bench, with tools and a lathe, and I smiled as I thought—Still at his old work! And I wondered if he was still "inventing things" as he used to be so fond of doing. On going into another room, I was struck by its unfinished appearance. Only a few pictures were on the walls; there were fewer books, and the walls themselves did not appear to be perfect, they wanted adding to. I turned inquiringly to my dear ones, and I heard again the sweet voice of the Beautiful Lady saying—"Daddy and I will help you finish it."

I did not understand what she meant until, on again going to sit outside on the green terrace, my husband explained to me that the other room was for myself, and that I myself was now building it. I asked him how that was possible, and he said that the pictures on the walls, the books, and even the walls themselves, represented the thoughts and actions of my daily life. He said that every time I helped to carry someone's burden, or tried to ease another's heavy load, or sent out a kind thought, with yearning to help and cheer sorrowful and lonely ones, there was a further embellishment of the room, and the beautiful tracery of the walls would thus grow to completion. He said that the better and higher my thoughts, the nobler my actions, the more unselfish, and loving, and charitable I was, the lovelier would be my room in our new mansion, and the sooner it would be ready for my occupation. I sighed, and wondered *how soon* it would be ready, and wished it were already complete, for I so longed to stay where I was! Then I heard again the sweet voice saying—"Not long, Mother, for Daddy and I will help you!"

* * * * *

A cinder fell from the fire in the room where I sat musing and I opened my eyes. The room was in darkness except for the pale firelight. I thought—Have I just been asleep and only dreaming, or have I indeed been given a glimpse of the Beautiful Beyond?

The Spiritualist Motor Ambulances.

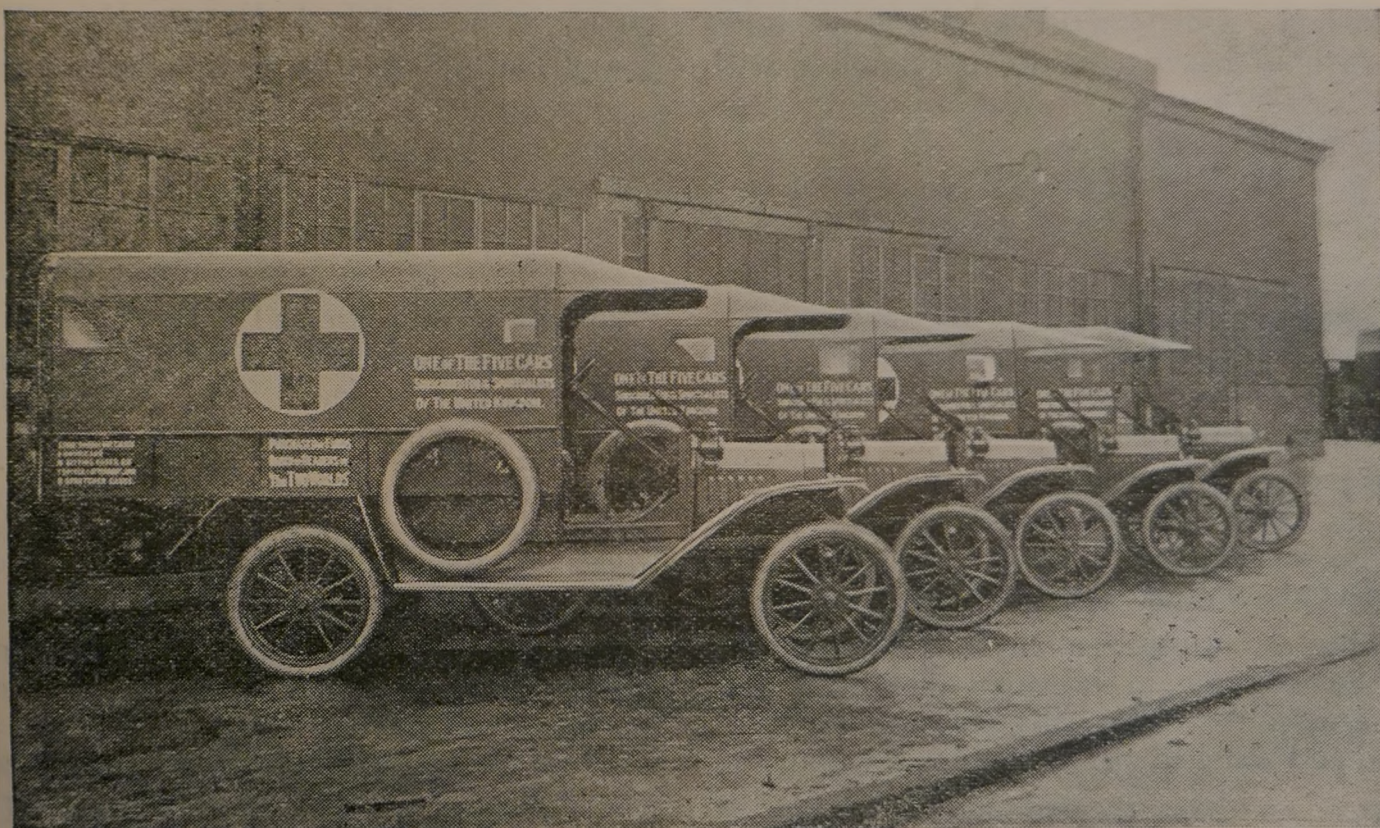
A MAGNIFICENT ACHIEVEMENT BY "THE TWO WORLDS."

IN *The Two Worlds* of September 10, 1915, a letter appeared from Mr. W. H. Evans suggesting that the Spiritualist Movement should provide a motor ambulance for service at the Front. He mentioned the Editor of *The Two Worlds*, Mr. J. J. Morse, as being the man to conduct a fund for this purpose. In "Current Topics" of the next week it was announced that the Editor would willingly act as desired. In *The Two Worlds* of October 1 the first list of subscriptions appeared, with the modest total of £27 6s. 6d. In seven weeks the receipts amounted to the handsome total of £232 4s. 6½d, and now the subscriptions have reached the magnificent total of £945 13s.

Mr. Morse in reviewing the progress of the fund, says:—"There have been not a few surprises! Some have been disappointing, others have been

claim that all war is murder. This fund should appeal to militant and pacifist alike. Let us, as Spiritualists, remember that if we desire to attract to us the loving and wise of the spheres we can best do so by living wisely and lovingly. Such life is neither a sentiment nor an abstraction. It is a concrete life made up of the actual doing of the things that matter to a world in sorrow.

"In the early days of the subscription list the hope was expressed by one good friend that 'you will have a strong committee to help you.' Well, I had one. It was the best, for it was composed of those loyal spirit helpers who have aided me in my public work for the past 46 years. At their advice I accepted the position of Honorary Treasurer, acted as Honorary Secretary, and was the Honorary Committee! In fact, I became a veritable 'Pooh Bah' for this occasion. A long



THE FLEET OF FIVE CARS.

unexpectedly gratifying. But the one soul-satisfying fact is that this plea for funds has touched the hearts of our people as no other non-personal matter has done hitherto. Even the children have done their part, and the loving sympathy of a child sanctifies and sweetens our lives. In days to come, when once 'again the fields are decked in smiling corn,' the children and youths of that future time will re-read the history of these distressful days. Mayhap they will listen to the narratives of some grizzled, grey, and battle-scarred hero of to-day, and learn from him the blessing the ambulance services proved on the field. Perhaps 'our' ambulance may have succoured him; if so, there will be a glow of pride in recalling the fact that *I* put in my mite. The joy of service is a delight to the loving heart and aspiring soul.

"Let us help the brave doctors and hard-working nurses, tireless workers both. Let us help in the aid of ambulance work for the wounded, who are often so sorely stricken. Let us provide something to assist in the rapid transit of the wounded from the firing line to the base. Let us help to save life, for that cannot offend any who

experience of committees has satisfied me that under certain circumstances a committee of one is the best. As it was found that subscriptions came in so freely the original plan of two cars was amplified to four cars, and, finally, to five cars! That number was offered to the War Office and accepted by them. Each of the cars were inscribed as follows: 'One of the five cars subscribed for by the Spiritualists of Great Britain. Purchased by funds raised by readers of *The Two Worlds*,' and on January 8, 1916, they were despatched to Kempton Park, the depot for all transport supplies.

"The whole of the business has been transacted with the War Office direct, thereby securing the purchasing of the cars at the Government contract price. All extraneous costs were thus entirely eliminated. The cars selected met with official approval as being handier, and therefore more useful in districts where the roads are bad. The workmanship and fittings are of the best. Each car accommodates two stretcher cases, or three sitting cases, with the ambulance attendant in each case. The engines are unequalled for working, and the fleet of five represents one of the most useful gifts contributed by any denomination.

"There is no question that we all rose to Mr. Evans' injunction, 'Be Practical,' with a very practical result, as gratifying to him as to all concerned. In response to my request that he should say a few words in this closing account of the work of the fund, he sends me the following note:—

"There is a great deal of satisfaction in the Movement over the success of the Motor Ambulance Fund. It is a joy to know that the Movement has done something to alleviate the suffering entailed in this terrible calamity which has overtaken mankind. The effort which we have put forward to render concrete our belief in human brotherhood is one the significance of which should not be lost sight of. It should be our desire to keep alive the spirit which has been manifest, and so draw the bonds between the various sections of our Movement closer together. The ambulances are now an accomplished fact. They stand as a witness of our desire to help mankind, and every Spiritualist will feel glad that there goes forth to the field of battle a living witness of our glorious gospel. I have no desire to preach or to point the moral of our action.

"So far as this country is concerned, the work is finished. Our genial Editor will rest quiet o' nights without having his dreams haunted with

cheques and postal orders, though we all know that he would be willing to undertake such a task again. I wish to thank those who have in so many ways helped to make the fund a success. I shall never again hesitate to put forward suggestions for the good of mankind now that the Movement has demonstrated its willingness to respond. May those who have given be blessed, as will those who receive the ministrations from those who have charge of the ambulances.

"W. H. EVANS."

"We all owe very many thanks to the directors of *The Two Worlds* Publishing Company for the generous allowance of space devoted to the publication of the weekly lists of subscriptions. Just how many columns have been used it is not easy to say, certainly over twenty. Their sympathy has been with the purpose all the way through the progress of the work.

"My task and its story are done. I heartily thank everybody who has in any way helped this effort, an effort the results of which will ever redound to the lasting credit of the Spiritualists of the United Kingdom and their brethren overseas.

"J. J. MORSE, Hon. Treasurer,

"The Spiritualist Motor Ambulances Fund."

FOR FREEDOM.

There are many men a-watching in the trenches,
There are many women praying on their knees,
There are many lads a-sleeping, spent and weary
With fighting—in the lands across the seas.

A-watching and a-sleeping and a-fighting,
In France and Greece and Snowy Muscovy,
A-fighting for the Right of Every People
To live and work and hold their property.

For lusty Thieves have risen in wrath and anger,
Thieves of low cunning, brutal strength and power,
Of mighty arms and forceful wills, whose wardens
Have hoped and watched and waited for the hour.

For forty years and more they've toiled and laboured,
With care and craft and study, at their plan,
Till now they deem the time is ripe for plunder
They rush to spoil and seize whate'er they can.

But England, France, and patient Holy Muscovy
Have called their thousands to them and declare
That freedom is God's gift to every nation,
And none may seize or spoil another's share.

There are many men a-watching in the trenches,
There are many women praying on their knees,
There are many lads a-sleeping—spent with fighting
In Freedom's cause—in lands across the seas.

But though the Bugle shrill sounds "Call to battle!"
The Call that stirs the weak and cheers the bold,
There are sluggards, there are laggards, there are
traders,

Who set their Freedom fair 'gainst bars of gold!

Oh, Nations! Brother Peoples! Old-time Com-
rades!

Bethink you! Has your Honour naught to lose?
"For Freedom." Hear! the Bugle clear is sounding!
Can you sit aside when Freedom bids you choose?

And brothers here at home, who still are laggard—
Are you happy? Do your consciences ne'er prick?
Does your blood ne'er run a little hot and faster,
When you hear of deeds that make the heart turn
sick?

Come, rouse ye, rouse ye! 'Tis the hour for action!
Thieves must be fought and caught and firmly bound;
Come, rouse ye Nations; rouse ye, sluggish laggards;
'Tis time to draw the sword and take the ground!

Come, rouse ye! Freedom fair is calling for ye;
Those who stand aside and heed not Freedom's call
Must bear the slur henceforth till all life endeth—
"Our ease and gain to us are All in All."

There are many men a-watching in the trenches,
There are many women praying on their knees,
There are many lads a-sleeping, spent and weary
For Freedom's sake—in lands across the seas.

HAROLD HOLMES.

Martinhoe, N. Devon, March 17, 1916.



AUTOMATIC WRITING.

(Letter to the Editor.)

DEAR SIR,—The two following successful results obtained by means of automatic writing may interest readers. The writer was my brother, who simply held a piece of pencil on a sheet of writing paper and permitted his hand to write mechanically.

Experiment 1.—He mentally asked for a word to be selected from the page of a large magazine which he had not read, but which was lying beside him. His hand wrote the word "William." He then asked for the number of lines up from the bottom of the page, and the number of words along the line. The answers being given, the word was found in the exact position indicated.

Experiment 2.—In this case I mentally asked a question of my brother as to how many buttons there were on a certain friend's coat. (It was a motor-driver's coat, and neither I nor my brother knew the number of buttons on it.) Of course my brother had no idea of the nature of question I was asking, and was surprised to see his hand drawing a number of small circles, after which the answer 26 was written. On inquiry, some days later, we learned that the answer was accurate.

I am, Yours faithfully

WALTER FIRMINER.

41, Tubbs Road, Harlesden, N.W.

Personal Reminiscences of Thomas Lake Harris.—II.

By ARTHUR CUTHBERT.

THE first three great inspirational poems of Thomas Lake Harris have been mentioned, and the remarkable way in which they were given is stated in my previous article. In order of delivery they are, "The Epic of the Starry Heavens," "Lyric of the Morning Land," and "Lyric of the Golden Age." They are important, for they contain the first expression of most of those ideas which are characteristic of Harris—ideas which, however strange they may seem, I am convinced he really believed were given to him from a higher source, and which peculiarly moulded his whole life and actions. Whether he was deceived, or self-deceived, or whether we should believe his statements are questions of opinion with which I am here little concerned.

Harris showed all those characteristics which are common to really true self-declared world-Reformers, Regenerators, Saviours.

(1) They declare themselves to be the initial recipients of a new vital Power descending upon mankind from God, of which they are the unique channels: "Except by Me ye cannot enter this Salvation," they say. (2) They hold open, conscious communion with the great historic souls of the past, and take orders from them, which are to be obeyed by their followers. (3) They intensify their Light by showing it up against a background of the blackest darkness; the enormity of evil conditions must be luridly portrayed as the powerful opponent of the wonderful Regenerative Power, and the necessity arises for the "Conviction of Sin." Their great Presence in the world arouses into opposing activity all the latent sin, which is the accumulation of the whole human wickedness of the past ages of the planet which has impregnated its very structure. (4) The maintenance of their physical existence in the face of this great conflict is one continuous miracle and demonstration of God's Power present with them. (5) They must be profoundly wise, answering all questions, explaining all mysteries—the authoritative source of unique information. There are also those who, having all these five characteristics, fail to more than partially respond to them; or responding, fall away from their high inspirations, and we find these artificially trying to maintain their position.

"Regina" is the fourth poem of this inspirational series, revealing, in a number of visions, the origin of evil in the Universe. In the heaven of the fixed star Aldebaran Harris, in spirit journeying, meets Luteia, the poet of the fallen planet Oriana, who in withstanding his brother Lucifer, fell a victim of his wrath, and was the first martyr. The asteroid star, Luteia, was peopled under him after the destruction of Oriana, and is free from evil. Fragments of Oriana form most of the asteroids, and some of it unfortunately fell on this poor planet, and so we have become infected with evil. Regina is the Mother Poet and Spirit Queen of this asteroid, Luteia, and authoress of the poem, but the wording is by Harris.

I may mention here that Harris's counterpart, Lily, is the Spirit Queen of the large asteroid Pallas, Lilistan being the Arch-natural Heaven of that minor planet. He also informs us that the counterparts of the poets Shelley and Keats were angelic

women of Melodia, the next undiscovered planet beyond Neptune.

"On their translucent orb, that glows and kindles
Flame-like in the depths of undiscovered space,
Where the material sun in pale light dwindles
These angels have their earthly dwelling-place.

"The fair Melodians came to earth
The night young Keats was born, and ere his birth
Panthea breathed into his heart; and all
Her fair Child-graces, thronging at her call,
Wove round him, orb'd in that sweet mother fair,
Diaphanous veils of Heaven's ethereal air;
Round his nerves exquisite they did wind
A sevenfold strain of music, that the mind
Of all celestial loveliness might be
Poured through him in perpetual ecstasy."

So Harris had not only the evil of this world ranged against him, but that of Lucifer of the destroyed planet as well!

"Regina" was dictated at Bolton Abbey, where he had retired, in 1860, for a short retreat after three intensely strenuous years.

Besides all the daily ministries of his church and congregation in New York City, he produced voluminous prose works, the "Wisdom of the Angels," and the "Arcana of Christianity," wherein Harris shows himself the super-Christian, one who alone understands the Christ, and the origins of all things—suns, planets, and satellites; men, fairies, and angels; evil, the hells and the heavens. All his writings were dictated at such speed that the amanuensis (not a shorthand writer) was only able to perform her labours through "a divine influx from the Lord." This work also showed how the Divine Breath, introduced into the world through Harris, was going to regenerate mankind from evil.

Apparently this was not enough at that time to occupy his energies, for he produced a monthly periodical, *The Herald of Light*, about twice the size of the *Psychic Gazette*, almost wholly from his own dictation, during these three years, of which the six volumes exist, nearly 400 pages each, prose and poetry.

Without doubt the most important feature, peculiar to Harris, is the manifestation of what he terms the "Divine Breath." There is no doubt that it was a psychic effect in the lungs, accompanied by various sensations, according to circumstances, sometimes by vibrations of the abdominal muscles, whatever else it may, or may not, have been. The majority of Harris's followers had some experience of it, and it was communicable from one to another like a species of contagious psychological suggestion.

It has not been without its historic effect in the world, for Lawrence Oliphant acquired it strongly. In 1864 or 1865 he was revisiting Japan in connection with the opening up of that country to Western influence. He found that amongst several of the high class Samurai Japanese gentlemen whom he met, he was able to interest them in Harris, and to induce in them this strange experience, so that they were surprised and impressed. Some twenty or thirty—(I being only five years old at the time do not remember precisely how many)—returned with him to Europe; some of them coming as the first students

sent by the Japanese Government, and some, going on to America, became disciples of Harris. After staying for varying periods, most of them returned to their country, and then rose to the highest positions in the new progressive government and development of Japan. Two of those whom I knew in America became the ambassadors in London and Paris, to England and France. Oliphant always attributed his great influence with the Japanese, in those early days, largely to their sensitiveness to this experience. Who knows? had it not been for this Breath, Japan would not have risen to defeat Russia, and now be the ally of her and of ourselves! His name for it, after he left Harris, was "Influx," and he and his wife, Alice L'Estrange, wrote about it in their books, "Sympneumata," and "Scientific Religion."

Having now given my own meagre account of it, I will try to summarise what Harris says of the Divine Breath.

The fully regenerated man breathes not only the physical atmosphere, but the arch-natural celestial and spiritual airs as well, and with the extension of respiration into these high and finer spheres there is a corresponding high development of consciousness, or "a normal opening of the interior faculties." As this occurs, common converse is held with the dwellers on the different planes simultaneously, and without loss of consciousness on any, so far as the Breath and opening have gone.

There are many degrees of the Breath, which are marked by changing experiences, during which the animal soul is gradually dying and being supplanted by the growing of a spiritual soul. As this change of soul draws to its maturity the "crisis" is reached in the fullness of the Breath in its seventh degree, and the animal soul finally dies. The individual at this point passes through some marvellous spiritual experience, like that of the awakening in him of the "cosmic consciousness," and he becomes a regenerated being, having passed the "transition."

Mankind, in his present condition, has lost the Divine Breath that was breathed into his nostrils when he became a living soul in the Garden of Eden. One cannot have the Breath except by contagion from another who has it; or be born with it, except from parents who have it. It had been lost from the world. Jesus had it and imparted it to his Disciples, which accounts for their inspiration and increased abilities. It was the Paraclete, but it did not survive for more than three or four generations, and then only among a very few. The only hope for mankind is for it to recover this Divine Breath. For this purpose it had to be re-implanted by the Lord Jesus Himself in a chosen and specially prepared Pivotal Personality. From him it would be communicated to those around him, and from them to others as they became ready to receive it; and so throughout the world, humanity as a whole concurrently becoming regenerated and purified from evil.

Having now just got through the surface of the subject, we will go a stage deeper. The Divine Breath is the "Holy Ghost" and "Holy Spirit" of the New Testament. The one Greek word *pneuma* is used for breath, ghost, or spirit in the original text. This descent of the Breath is the descent of the Divine Feminine; the Mother-Element of God outpouring. The Christ is two-in-one, male and female, but owing to the evil perversion of mankind, sexually, when Jesus was on earth, only the masculine side of Him could appear; Yessa, His Counterpart, remained hidden.

The descent of Yessa brings the Divine Mother-Breath into activity in humanity.

In this way it is shown that the Breath is intimately connected with the inseparable tie uniting counterparts. Hence, as consciousness opens out on to high planes, with the higher degrees of the Breath, counterparts must become known to each other, and they help one another in their spiritual progress by their co-operation.

As above, so below; the Father-Mother God is manifested on the higher planes by the Twain-One, Jesus-Yessa, and was on earth represented by the Twain-One, Pivotal Personality of Chrysanthus—Chrysanthea—Harris and his counterpart, Lily. The first Adam-Eve were a twain-one, but they became separated through the "fall." The Divine Breath is the process of re-uniting the separated counterparts, and reconstituting man in the divine image as he-she was originally created.

In the overture to "Regina" Harris thus recounts his opening to the first degree of the Breath; it is quoted for the insight it gives into his experiences and sensations and the effect of the Breath.

"Like a dying gladiator, who must battle to the last,
Words of hope and cheer he uttered, though life was failing
fast,*
Till a mighty angel shivered, with his strong right hand the
glass
Of his Fancy's cloudy palace, and its dome of burnished
brass;
Then he fell to earth despairing, while a pulse of inner
breath
Faintly quivered in the bosom in the bitterness of death.
For long nights of mortal anguish, like a martyr who had
lain
Breathing on 'mid reeking corpses where the jackals tear
the slain.
He was trampled till Derision made a byword of his toil;
He was numbered with the fallen, he was counted with
the spoil.
Visions of Messiah's glory passed before him as he lay,
Till within, the awful Morning lit the poor down-trodden
clay
And he felt the Breath eternal, while a second life began
To unfold a shrine within it for the coming Son of Man.
Then the form rose, slowly moving, all its heart and mind
aglow
With the anthem sung by Angels eighteen centuries ago;
In their music-tongue he chanted songs that, inly under-
stood,
Made the demons blanch and tremble in their war against
the good,
While the sweet celestial music, as it echoed from afar,
Seemed the birth-note of a day-spring or the bride-song
of a star."

The above was written three years after he had passed his "Transition" to the seventh degree of the Breath. This descent of the Breath was fought against in battle royal by all the demons of the lower worlds. Harris writes in the Appendix to the "Arcana of Christianity" that early in March, 1857, "the Lord saw fit to subject him to trial by personal interviews from Infernal Spirits, leaving him in perfect liberty to accept or reject their direful fallacies."

"The spiritual degree of sight being opened into and through the ultimate-natural, while in full possession of my normal powers, I began," he says, "to see Demons as external men. It was, as has since been made known to me in the Lord's divine order, resolved upon by Evil Spirits, that my physical existence should be destroyed; the Demon, by name Joseph Balsamo, acting in consort with my own Infernal Genii, doubtless having some vague premonition of Divine judgments about to fall on them, planned a subtle

* I am told that he was suffering from hæmorrhage of the lungs at this time, of which he was cured by the Breath.—A. C.

scheme to bring to bear upon the enfeebled physical system the magic of the Infernal World.

"At the close [of this contest] on account of all his evil-intended words being changed to the opposite, by the Divine Sphere, the Evil Genius seemed frantic with the desire to re-invert the language, leaving the victory with the Destroyer, and suffered exceedingly from his inability to carry out his design. At the end of the ordeal the sorely infested one was taken up to Heaven, and consoled and comforted there after his trials."

Now we come to the "crisis" and passing of the "transition," which is all part of the same conflict.

He says—"No sooner had the New Church Publishing Association decided to issue their monthly, *The Herald of Light*, devoted to the orderly and Christian Spiritualism of the New Church, than every pore of the organisation, through which these subtle Demons were able to inject an influence, was made the medium of a constant attack, continuing with few cessations, during the waking state. It was a fiery trial. Every article dictated for that periodical from this period till the completion of the matter for the August number, was won by a terrific combat, their determination being apparently to close up all the avenues open to the Heavens. The temptation lasted, with scarcely an intermission, for more than four months.

"At length, on the evening of the 10th July, after dictating during the day from a state of internal illumination, and with openness to the Lord, the attacks were recommenced with an unprecedented violence, until it seemed as if the body was being pierced with poisoned weapons, bitten by serpents, and burned with vitriol or fire. After remaining for hours in prayer to the Lord, an interposing sphere descended, and the body was enabled to receive needful repose.

"On the following morning, leaving a sequestered hamlet for the purpose of discharging ministerial duties in New York, while in a place of business in a lower part of the City, the most powerful of those Infernals, with some heavy instrument, smote me on the head, and gave a fiendish and exultant shout after accomplishing his end. Rallying against the blow, and having engagements to fulfil, I pursued my course through the City, while the physical system was resisting with all its might the potent influences brought to bear for its

prostration. Having accomplished the various tasks before me, while still in the street the hands were smitten with paralysis, the arms became motionless, at the same time the head began to reel, and a dying sensation to seize upon the heart, while the nerves of locomotion refused to perform their office. With entire calmness and collectedness, lifting the soul in earnest secret prayer to the Divine Combatant, the Lord, and beseeching Him for the descent of an influence that should hold the attack at bay for a brief space, the petition was answered. Hardly knowing by what process I reached the place, I found myself in the house of a dear friend. Stating to the family that I was apprehensive of a severe and sudden illness, I was conducted to a sleeping apartment, which no sooner had I reached than the attack was recommenced in a far more intense and painful manner.

"I was left alone without the assistance of the Angels, who heretofore had been with me to combat the Destroyers. Sensation retired from the surfaces of the body. The whole appearance became as that of a person in the midst of a closing experience of life. The spirit seemed to hover dove-like, almost disconnected from its external. It was found impossible to produce by external or internal stimulants a counter action. At last, in the final crisis, respiration was apparently at an end. The pulse was imperceptible. The heart became like a stone, and seemingly ceased to beat. At this moment a mother of the Lord's New Church, who with another friend was present, in the greatness of her sympathy, moved instantly to that end by a Divine Power descending upon her, clasped firmly the frame rapidly becoming corpse-like and rigid, placing her heart against the paralysed and icy breast. A Divine influx descended through that loving heart, and establishing through sympathy organic support, maintained for a period the systolic and diastolic action, till other mediatorial receivers of the truths of the Lord's New Church, summoned to the bedside, were in their turn made use of to support the exhausted functions.

"From this moment respiration began in a new degree and victory was achieved over the Infernals."

The other features of this remarkable plan of Regeneration will be given in my next article.

Fatal Thirteen—Coincidence or What?

By PSYCHO-SCIENTIST.

THE transition of an old masonic friend of mine calls to mind a curious experience.

He and I were founders of a Masonic Chapter, the members of which sat down thirteen to dinner after a meeting about twenty years ago. The Principal in the Chair was a stout jovial man of the name of Tuck. One of those present noticed the number sitting around the table, and indulged in a grim joke. "Friar Tuck," he said, "it is very unlucky for you to preside over thirteen. Before the next meeting you will be dead." Friar Tuck laughed the joke off good-naturedly, but the prediction came true, for before the next meeting he had gone to the cloisters above.

A few years afterwards, we again sat down thirteen in number at the Chapter-dinner. Although the number was noticed, no one ventured to make a remark about it. Two hours after we dispersed the First Principal suddenly expired

through heart-disease. He had appeared to be in his normal health during the evening.

Nine years ago the members of the same Chapter again sat down to dinner thirteen in number. My friend, who has just "joined the Grand Lodge above," sat next to me. On his noticing the number of diners he said to me in the hearing of all—"We will not let anybody die this time. You and I had better arrange to share something less fatal between us." I jokingly assented. Within a few weeks I was taken ill with a very serious attack of typhoid fever, which nearly cost me my life, while my friend through business worries had to be taken to an asylum, where he spent a year or two. When we again met, he asked me whether I remembered our compact. I replied in the affirmative, and he remarked—"We fought and vanquished death that time, but we had to pay the price!"

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The Bohemian Psychic.

PROFESSOR DAVID MASSON, the author of the monumental work on John Milton, used to define Bohemianism as "Black-guardism dashed with genius." There is a Bohemian type in almost every cult and art—among poets, musicians, artists, dramatists. It is to be found galore in the Quartier Latin in Paris, also in lesser degree in classic Chelsea. It is not unknown even in the professions—in law, finance, and theology. Men of great parts; with a glamorous personality, who could attain to high positions in society and in their country, but whose moral twist obliterates their claims to greatness, and overthrows them often when the coveted crown of laurels appears to be within their grasp. Their moral code is elastic, and it is usually stretched to the snapping point. Then come suffering, social ostracism, down-at-heel shabbiness, not, be it observed, because they are poets, artists, dramatists, lawyers, stock-brokers, or preachers, for these are all quite respectable professions, but because their black-guardism is basic and has proved fatal. And so it is also in the psychic field.

Mr. H. B. IRVING in "The Barton Mystery" personifies the Bohemian Psychic—a man of undoubted powers, who is called in to solve by psychometry an abstruse murder mystery which has baffled everybody. He, as "Beverley," sits on a chair where Mrs. Barton, the wife of the murdered man, previously sat, and he is instantly able to announce that she is the person who had abstracted a missing note that would establish the innocence of Harry Maitland, on trial for the murder. And later on, when the drama reaches its climax, Beverley clairvoyantly sees the room in which the tragedy occurred, describes the scene, visualises the face of the woman who killed Barton, declares he has seen the face before, and dramatically exclaims that "the woman is in this room now!" For he had touched the hand of Phyllis Grey, who had "done the deed," and had thus, as psychics would express it, "come into touch with the conditions." Mr. Irving conscientiously does justice to Beverley's genuine gifts, and enforces his belief in their actuality by quoting on the programme some explanatory notes on psychometry from Mr. Maurice Maeterlinck, which were printed last month in the *Cosmopolitan Magazine*.

But just how far Beverley's solution of the mystery is by means of his psychometry, and how far by a Sherlock Holmes-like attention to small hints of great significance is one of the puzzles left in the air. For Beverley is a shrewd "card," quite up to the usual ways and means of "living on his wits." He can, for example, muster through a test seance quite satisfactorily after having apologised for his psychic powers being at their minimum strength, and on this occasion he even convinces doubting Sir Everard Marshall of his wonderful gifts by a faked "reading," for which he is chiefly indebted to

visible hints from Lady Marshall, an enthusiastic client! That is one symptom of Beverley's inherent unscrupulousness out of many. For he shamelessly pockets cigars and helps himself to his clients' liquors when nobody is looking! Also, when Phyllis Grey has confessed to committing the murder, and an important document cannot be found which "the unwritten law" would deem sufficient to accord her a full acquittal, Beverley forges a counterfeit, and achieves a personal triumph. At one stage he is seen openly accepting bribes to make his "reading" suit Sir Everard's domestic convenience, but that turns out to be only part of a prophetic dream of Richard Standish, M.P., which being partly true and partly false, leaves one to guess whether Beverley could be guilty of such a thing, in the absence of direct evidence! He is certainly not careless as to such mundane matters as money, and dinners, and clothes; and by the force of his impressive egotism he "makes his way, in the world," and becomes the admiration of fashionable circles, his old ill-fitting coat giving place in time to the light frock coat and top-hat, with accompanying swagger.

From the point of view of a psychic journal, we have no adverse criticism to offer to "The Barton Mystery." It is ably written by Mr. Walter Hackett, it is magnificently staged, and the chief actor's part maintains, if it does not even heighten, the great Irving tradition. It is a true and striking representation of a certain picturesque type of psychic artist, and might have been drawn from the model. We have seen "Beverley" in real life, and have watched his meteoric career from its humble start to its resplendent zenith, and its subsequent ignominious descent. He was a man of no mean psychic ability, with a magnetic personality, unbounded egotism, and impressive mannerisms; his *atelier* was the resort of fashionable and distinguished people; money flowed freely into his coffers; to-day he might have been doing well. But he had the sordid Bohemian kink, which manifested itself in such "ways that are dark and tricks that are mean" as led to his being made to understand that his further presence in this country was undesirable.

But he was the representative of an exceptional class of psychic practitioner which is fortunately as small as it is unscrupulous. And this is the point we feel bound to ask playgoers who see "The Barton Mystery" to remember. The great body of psychics—clairvoyants, psychometrists, mediums—are, as we have good reason to know, thoroughly respectable people, neither desecrating their wonderful gifts "for needful cash," nor defiling them by moral obliquity. Their profession is found most helpful to many in times of doubt and perplexity, to say nothing of the consolation and comfort they give to those who want evidence of the continued love and interest of their "dead" beloved. In the present backward condition of English law on the subject they are all treated as "rogues and vagabonds," but that this is an unjust view is fast becoming understood, and we earnestly hope that the day of their proper recognition may not be far-off. Their liberation has been hindered by the ridiculous antics of West-end psychics of the "Beverley" type, but it will be hastened by such courageous efforts to state the truth about them and their powers as are at present being made by Maurice Maeterlinck and H. B. Irving. J. L.

Clairvoyant's Vision Confirmed by a Camera.

By THE REV. CHARLES L. TWEEDALE, Vicar of Weston.

The spirit-photograph taken under remarkable circumstances in a Yorkshire Vicarage has been so widely noised abroad in the newspaper press that we are pleased to reproduce it, with accompanying letterpress from the pen of the reverend Vicar concerned. The blocks are reproduced from the print supplied to us without a line of retouching, and the "psychic extra" is shown more plainly by simply enlarging it.

CLAIRVOYANCE is the power possessed by some individuals to discern spiritual beings, and, in spite of the quibbles of opponents, is undoubtedly referred to by St. Paul in 1. Cor., XII., 10, as one of the spiritual gifts



"A True Copy of Resulting Negative."

The face of a Bearded Man is seen on the right of the picture.
in front of piano.

possessed by the Early Church. It has existed all down the ages and has been alternately accepted as a truth, and rejected as error and superstition. Anciently, it was universally believed in. The Scriptures are full of incidents shewing its exercise. In modern times, especially during the days of Tindall, Spencer, and Huxley, scientists, in the main, laughed at such things as fantastic fables, as did the majority of the laity. Of recent years, however, science has turned her attention to psychic things, and evidence has been forthcoming which has convinced many of the most eminent scientists of the present day as to their reality. It has been my privilege and good fortune recently to have an experience which has scientifically proven the reality of clairvoyance, as will be readily perceived by the following particulars, set forth in the form of an affidavit recently attested in the presence of a Commissioner for Oaths, by myself and the other two witnesses.

In the matter of a remarkable photograph, produced at Weston Vicarage, near Otley, in the county of York.

We, Charles Lakeman Tweedale, of Weston Vicarage, Otley, in the county of York, Clerk in Holy Orders;

Margaret Eleanor Tweedale, the wife of Charles Lakeman Tweedale; and Herschel Burnett Tweedale, the son of Charles Lakeman Tweedale, both of Weston Vicarage aforesaid, jointly and severally make oath and say as follows:

I. Firstly. I, the said Margaret Eleanor Tweedale, for myself say that on the 20th December, 1915, about one-thirty in the afternoon, my husband, my son, and myself, were at lunch in the morning room, when suddenly I saw the apparition of a man, with a full head of hair, and a beard, standing on the left hand side of my son, and in close proximity to the piano in the said room. I immediately cried out to my husband and my son that the figure was so standing. I directed their attention to the figure, but they could not see it. My husband hastily left the room and brought in his camera, and took a photograph of the position where I still saw the semblance of a man. I produce the exhibit marked A, which is a true copy of the negative taken by my husband, shewing the figure of the bearded man.

II. Secondly. I, the said Charles Lakeman Tweedale, for myself say that on the 20th December, 1915, I was present in the morning room of Weston Vicarage along with my wife, and son Herschel, and that my wife drew my attention to a figure which she saw in the room standing by my son's side, and although I could not distinguish it I immediately brought in my camera and took a photograph of the position where my wife still adhered that she saw the figure. The photograph marked as the exhibit A is a true copy of the resulting negative. I swear that the negative, which I personally developed, was in no way tampered with, nor did the plate leave my possession until it was developed.

III. Thirdly. I, Herschel Burnett Tweedale, for myself say that I was present in the morning room at Weston Vicarage aforesaid, on the 20th December, 1915, about 1.30 p.m., when my mother suddenly drew my father's and my attention to the figure of a man, which she saw standing on my left-hand side. Along with my father I was unable to see the figure which my mother said she saw. My father immediately left the room and brought in his camera, and exposed a plate on the position occupied by the figure as seen by my mother. The exhibit marked A is a true copy of the resulting negative. No other person was present in the room during the time the picture was taken, except our three selves.

Sworn this 27th
day of February,
1916, before me
JOSEPH WILSON.

CHARLES LAKEMAN TWEEDALE.
MARGARET E. TWEEDALE.
HERSCHEL B. TWEEDALE.

A Commissioner to administer oaths in the Supreme Court of Judicature in England.

A print from the negative, signed by the three witnesses and the solicitor, is attached to the affidavit, and is the one referred to as "the exhibit marked A."

My wife described the man as a little man and said that the top of his head appeared to be about on a level with my son's shoulder. She saw the figure more during the time I was fetching the camera. My wife and son continued sitting at the table during the exposure. The photograph shows my son seated, in addition to the figure of the man.

The plate was developed almost immediately after the exposure was made, and did not go out of my possession meanwhile.

The plate was taken from a new box of quarter-plates, and had not been previously exposed.

No person of similar appearance has ever been



Enlargement of "the Extra."

photographed by me, or has ever entered Weston Vicarage during the time I have lived in it.

Neither I, my wife, nor son recognise the figure shewn in the photo.

The camera is in perfect order and no image of this kind shews up on plates exposed in the same camera shortly before and after this remarkable photograph was taken, conclusively proving that the figure is not formed by a "pinhole."

No picture of a similar figure hangs on the walls, nor do we possess one.

None of us were thinking of such a figure at the time of its apparition.

The gelatine film of the negative is entirely free from finger prints or any traces of melting or frilling and is perfectly homogeneous throughout, and was naturally dried in the air. Nothing was accidentally interposed during the exposure, nor did any of us interpose ourselves or move from our places during that time.

The ground being thus thoroughly cleared we are faced with the fact that my wife clairvoyantly saw the figure of a man, with a good head of hair

and a beard, which figure neither I nor my son could see.

On a camera being brought, and a sensitive plate exposed on the spot where the figure was seen by the clairvoyant, a photograph shewing a man with abundant hair and a flowing beard was obtained, which photograph was recognised by my wife, the clairvoyant, as being like the man she saw.

The camera is an optical and mechanical apparatus devoid of imagination, which cannot be hallucinated. Thus the reality of the clairvoyant vision is photographically and scientifically proved.

And now for the last and not the least significant fact: the man's head in the photo *completely hides that part of the piano which lies behind it*, conclusively proving that the man had a definite objectivity, although invisible to the normal vision of myself and my son.

The blocks accompanying this article are taken from a print from the original negative. The negative and affidavit are open to inspection.

The Little White Violet—A Floral Study.

By E. P. PRENTICE, Author of "In Angel Keeping," &c.

The smell of violets hidden in the grass,
Pour'd back, into my empty soul and frame,
The times when I remember to have been,
Joyful and free from blame.—Tennyson.

A LITTLE white violet prayed and wept in the shade. Hidden beneath a cluster of green leaves she deemed herself alone, not dreaming that within a stone's throw, a clump of yellow primroses smiled and waved to her in the breeze, while a baby bluebell was struggling to the light.

She could just catch a glimpse of the sky where soft white clouds floated, and she wondered why God had placed her in such a secluded spot. The breeze told her that she was lovely, and velvet bees hovered about her with delight, but no human being caught a glimpse of her white robe, or guessed the purity of her yearning soul.

She could hear the faint sweet murmur of a distant brook full of glee, and she knew that it was hastening to join its lover, the great Ocean, and that one day together they would make divinest music. The little white violet wished, oh! so earnestly, that she had been tossed upon one of the ripples that the birds sang about so sweetly when they had dipped their tiny beaks in the silver stream. "I wonder if God has forgotten me," she soliloquised, and as the hours stole by she grew more and more despondent.

A soft wind awoke and stirred the dreaming flowers, and the opaline radiance of the dawn deepened. As the sun rose higher in the heavens a sound broke the silence, a murmur of soft voices and a ripple of joyous laughter was borne on the breeze. Little white violet, hoping to catch a glimpse of the new comers, strained her slender stalk to breaking-point, so eager was she to see the cause of all the merriment.

Presently light footsteps sounded on the gravel, and a little fairy clad in pink and white, with a wreath of daisies in her hair, went dancing down the glen. "Oh, look, Mother," she exclaimed to a tall fair lady at her side, "look, there are lovely

primroses, and perhaps I might find some violets. You know Carl loves violets."

The lady sighed, then she said gently—"Find a violet, darling, if you can," adding in trembling tones, her sweet eyes filling with tears, "We must do all we can to please dear Carl, for Dr. Hardy says he will not be with us much longer. Poor Carl, our brave boy, our hero!"

Another moment, and the little pink and white fairy stooped, and rising hastily exclaimed—"Oh, look, Mother. I have found such a lovely white violet, all alone and so sweet. God must have sent it for Carl." Then she gathered some green leaves and placed the violet in the centre, with a border of starry primroses. And the little white violet smiled as she nestled close to her companions, for she was no longer alone.

* * * * *

In a hospital for those brave warriors wounded in their country's cause, a soldier lay slowly dying. On the table, in a specimen glass, was a single white violet. As the night advanced and the shadows crept into the room, he raised himself slightly on his pillow and gasped for breath. "Nurse," he said to a woman wearing a Red Cross badge, who approached the bed—"don't forget the little—" Then his fluttering heart ceased to beat, and his eyes grew fixed and glassy, for

He heard the summoning Angel
That calls God's children home.

* * * * *

Early in the morning, the dead soldier, his warfare accomplished, lay calm and peaceful, with a tiny blossom in his waxen fingers and as the nurse bent over the couch and noted the happy expression of his clear-cut features, those tender words of the pitying Christ floated into her soul, and stirred it to its very depths—"Blessed are they that mourn, for they shall be comforted." And as the tears fell, one bright one rested on the little white violet, who had also been kind to the warrior at rest.

The Poetry of Life.

By CHARLES V. TARR.

We were so much struck by the following article from a writer new to us, that we sought for some biographical details of the author which a friend has supplied to us. Mr. Tarr was born in Exeter twenty-one years ago, and he has lived there ever since. At the age of fifteen he became a member of the Exeter Spiritualists Society, where he has been a regular speaker since he was sixteen. He acknowledges great indebtedness to Mrs. M. A. Grainger, a remarkable Exeter medium, who has largely directed his thought and spiritual experience. He is a motor-engineer and has just been called to the colours to take his place, as he puts it, in the glorious army of liberation and justice.

THE creative vision of the genius-poet transcends the perspectives of science and philosophy. His spirit, rising above the spirit of his age, flames forth into the vast uninterpreted abysses of being which exist, holding immeasurable power of movement, beyond the conscious life of man. In contrast to such a mighty revelation of the immensity of the Invisible, and its inconceivable reality, the material universe is like to a waking dream, which we strive vainly to hold, with all the power of our conscious will. For it comes up to the spirit like a subtle fragrance gathered close to the bosom of some passing summer breeze, stirring profound emotions.

If philosophy, ancient and modern, has held some kind of idea of the illusion of the material universe, or if indeed, as we may say, there has been an evolution of the idea of illusion in philosophical history, it has been because of the intuitive and psychical apprehension of the reality of invisible life, more or less imperfectly expressed in theories of cognition.

The true poetry, then, is the revelation of the eternal and spiritual reality of life, which exists as an enchanted mystery in the being of the universe, visible and invisible. Indeed, it is this sense or feeling of the inexpressible mystery both of life and matter which makes the universe and the conscious experience of man appeal to the true poet as the home of magic, profounder in scope and reality than all the man-made magic of the ages.

The intellectual view of nature does not yield this consciousness of the essential mystery of existence. It arises from the depths of feeling in the spirit, which is wider than intelligence, and we cannot think ourselves into it. It might be objected that we are attaching an altogether exaggerated importance and significance to quite commonplace experiences, yet we believe it is just these feelings of ours which register the deeper movements in conscious life—movements which bring the individual life into momentary touch, however slight, with the Innermost Reality of nature.

Perception itself seems to be rooted in the mystery, and reveals countless forms, equally mysterious and enchanting. Mystic harmonies sweep over the soul-strings of life, awakening unutterable emotions, and creating visions of the tremendous movements of the ages in the depths of eternity. The human body itself becomes for us the Temple of God, with a significance which no religious conception has ever compassed. Mystery shrouds all its movements and functions even as the galaxies. For if life itself appeals to us as mystery, which the methods of science can never resolve, then the pulsing blood, the breath,

the shining eyes, the voice and its language, enshrine the mystery also.

The most fleeting thought, the gentlest stirring of feeling, hold the divine burden of the eternal mystery. The Spirit in us leaps as a flame to meet the Spirit in the very stones. It was Herbert Spencer who said that, in the ultimate, the most commonplace phenomenon of nature was incomprehensible.

It is the sacred mystery of the cosmos which upholds all human effort to understand it. It rolls about us like clouds of billowy splendour, holding deep on deep of life, and truth, and beauty.

And sometimes the spiritual pleasure of this consciousness changes into the acute pain of sadness, for suddenly the mystic glory changes into a pall of gloom, and from out the dark the sword of ignorance pierces the soul. The darkness deepens, it becomes vast and foreboding, and life itself seems to become the symbol of eternal sadness.

This rare moment of self-revelation has changed into an experience of unspeakable pessimism. As is the ceaseless march of cloud-shadows over the green fields and ploughed lands on some winter's morning, so are the shadows of evil over the fields of cosmic life.

The soul, with maddened and seemingly impotent struggles, seeks the freedom of Divine Life. And then, in the terrible depths of elemental consciousness, there is great movement and upheaval. The spellbound spirit rises out of the mystic deeps of darkness and bathes the soul-life in radiant splendour. One becomes conscious of vast stirrings of hidden life—of unseen movements, pregnant with meaning too deep for mortal thought. And when vision awakens, starry beauties, celestial outlines of the plan of light, come and go, sudden as the star-shoots trailing glory across the skies.

Beneath our conscious life the soul, tense and listening, hears the mighty surging of the waves of life sweeping through the universe of suns and stars. The universe, immense as we conceive it to be, is bathed in the profounder oceans of light and energy. The boundless spaces are peopled with unimaginable glories, mighty conscious powers and flashing hosts of celestial beings, swept on to the unknown destiny in the vast currents of life.

The flaming spirit of man, in truth, unites with the Eternal Fire in the consciousness of the mystery of life. And if the poet, through subtle movements in the unexplored deeps of his soul, senses the divine mystery and reflects its glory over the life of man and nature, the mystery is no less real to the scientist. Life still baffles the biologist. The philosophical historian has not yet plumbed the true spirit of history. The anthropologist has not yet discerned the true psychology of human evolution from the primitive to the modern.

The spiritual and psychic view of evolution must revolutionise the perspectives of the natural sciences, and open wide the portals to that reality which the poet reveals, and which, the more we sense it, enshrouds its being in greater mystery.



If I rise, I help to lift all about me; and if I fall, I drag others down. Humanity is one.—Henry Wood.

THE PROBLEM OF THE SOUL.

(Letter to the Editor.)

SIR,—In the March issue of the *Gazette* on page 188, Mr. Kitson replies to my former letter on above. The authorities he quotes, Andrew Jackson Davis and Mrs. Cora Richmond, I have read, and to my mind they are very vague and not at all clear upon the subject. Dr. Mary T. Longley, of Washington, D.C., I was in communication with years ago upon the question, and, although she gave me the opinion of her guides upon "Soul and Spirit," even they were far from convincing.

More to my mind for clear and convincing proof is our veteran Dr. Peebles, in his able book "The Spirit's Pathway." He is a living authority, who is looked up to both in our own country, in America, and, indeed, wherever Spiritualism is known. Probably Mr. Kitson has read this book, although he does not quote it. With your kind permission I will quote from it a few passages. Page 185: "It is safe to say that the most eminent linguists and philosophers of the present, as well as those illustrious sages who have long summered in the heavens, differentiated soul and spirit, the latter word relating more directly to immortality. The Scriptures speak of the 'destruction of both soul and body in Hades,' but the destruction—the death—of the spirit is never spoken of by any of the ancient or modern literati. Quite as well speak of the death of the Infinite, for God is Spirit, essential, absolute and immutable. The phrase 'immortal Soul,' we repeat, does not occur in the ancient Hebrew or Christian Scriptures. Philo Judæus, the learned Alexandrian Jew, living from 30 to 50 B.C., used the word spirit about forty-seven times in his earliest writings, and always as allied to life, or immortality, or God, 'Who' he declares, 'breathed the spirit—mark, the spirit—into man.' Auberlin, a Tubingen graduate and Basel professor of theology, states that 'the spirit is the spiritual nature of man as directed upward and is capable of a living intercommunion with God, while the Soul is the diffused, quickening power of the body, as in animals, and, pertaining to, is excitable through the senses.' Delitzsch, in his Biblical Psychology, assures us that the Soul is no Ego. It is to be distinguished from the Spirit. The inner self-consciousness, which forms the background of the spirit-copied functions, is that of the Spirit, and is related to the Infinite Spirit from which it had its origin. When Samson (Judges xv. 19) was supposed to be dead, 'when he had drunk water his spirit returned to him again.' So 'when the Egyptian was found dying, or dead from hunger and thirst, they gave him bread and water and his spirit came to him.' The book of Baruch mentions both good and evil spirits (demons) who work mischief; and Peter with an eye probably on the book of Tobit speaks of the spirits in prisons, to whom Jesus went and preached the Gospel. And Paul in writing to the Hebrews refers to the spirits of just men made perfect. Here we have the striking contrast, 'Spirits' in the 'City of the living God,' and imprisoned spirits in Hades to whom Jesus ministered; but all were spirits, not souls, nor immortal souls." I might go on quoting many more passages; but why this bantering with words? Whatever Mr. Kitson may hold, I am convinced, Man is a trinity of body, soul and spirit, that inside of our material body there is being built up an ethereal or soul body, inside of which is the divine spark or Ego, which are liberated at death.—I am, &c.

"MORE LIGHT."

THE CECIL HUSK FUND.

Mrs. Duffus has gladly received the following further donations for her Husk Fund during the past month:—

Amount already acknowledged	..	£30	2	2
Anon.	10	0
Unknown Friend	10	0
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W. H. S.	1	0
Col. K. Coghill	1	1
C. D. A.	2	2
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Further subscriptions should be addressed to Mrs. Etta Duffus, Penniwells, Elstree, Herts.

SILVER CHIMES.

A "PASSING BELL."

The following verses were suggested to the author by hearing the ringing of chimes at the funeral of the old Vicar of St. Augustine's, Kilburn. He was 93 years old, and a venerable figure. Miss March says—"The chimes rang out through the dull thick air from early morn till noon. It seemed to me a beautiful idea to speed the passing soul home with music, instead of by the ordinary dismal tolling of the bell."

I hear the sound of chimes, silver chimes—
They cut the sullen air
And chase the drab and gloom of wintry sky,
And fancies fair
Weave a bright web around
The emotions stirred,
Which warble songs in unison
As joyous bird
Pipes his fond lay to listening mate:—
These silver chimes
Bring to one's saddened memory
Those happier times
When kindred hearts aglow
With youth and life
Pulsated love and hope, nor dreamed
Of war and strife.

I hear the sound of chimes, silver chimes—
They cut the sullen air
And murmur melodies long since forgot,
And songs of unknown care:—
And whisper soft of "wedding" bells—
The gladsome, magic word
That brightens tired eyes, and sunshine brings
And smiles—wherever heard.
Stay, stay—Oh, hush! These are no marriage bells
Listen: the joyous peal breaks on the last, long
note
In muffled boom—as laughter ends in tears,
Or sob half-strangled chokes and grips the throat.

It is the "Passing bell"—
Of one fine soul,
Who lived his long, long life for God,
And now the goal
For which he strove, and others
Taught to seek
Is gotten, meet those silver chimes
The bleak,
Sad wintry air is naught to him,
His spirit bright
Has triumphed over death—no grave,
No toilsome night
Is his—O'er clouds of light the echoes
Of the silver bells
Reach him, and mingle with the Angels' song
Which swells
To one immense, vast chorus
Matchless, sweet—
And upward circling ends before God's throne—
At Jesu's feet.

* * * * *

I hear the sound of chimes, silver chimes,
They cut the sullen air
And chase the drab and gloom of wintry sky,
And wondrous fair
I seem to see the "Gate of Paradise"
Stand open wide,
For chastened, sorrowing souls made white
And purified.

Feb. 1916.

ANNIE M. MARCH.

Nothing shall ever warp me from the belief that every man is a lover of truth.—Ralph Waldo Emerson.

The Twelve Tribes of the Zodiac.

VII.—LIBRA, THE BALANCE. By LEO FRENCH.

ACCORDING to the ancient Greeks, "Beauty dwells with" not "kindness" so much, as *proportion*, that perfect adjustment of the parts to the whole, whereof the Hebrew Psalmist caught an intuitive glimpse through the Beauty of Holiness. "When I awake after Thy likeness I shall be satisfied with it."

The planet Venus thus follows a classic precedent, and chooses the star-wrought shrine of Libra as her throne of Day, the positive aspect of her "precious influence," cardinal in quality, airy in element, alike aesthetic and practical in nature.

Representative Librans, the "fine flower" of those born between September 22 and October 22 diffuse an atmosphere of mingled activity and lucidity, a joyful temperance, that "harmonia" (a distinguishing characteristic of the Hellenic genius, which must not be confused with the bourgeois hall-mark "moderation" i.e. a little of everything, and nothing much of anything!) which brings "music and sweet airs" to those fortunate enough to "feel" atmosphere. Librans are divided into two distinct classes. Those who adore "Justitia," Muse of Equity, and those "who follow Beauty." Both one, at long last, yet the paths differ.

The "Justitia" votary is alight with altruism. He "goes about doing good," because he cannot help it, and this spontaneity is one of the greatest charms of a Libran. Even if he is inclined to "lay down the law," his manner of "placing" the tables of the covenant is so ingratiating that we forgive any subsequent didactic remarks, which, to do him justice, are usually involuntary. Ethic is his breath of life, so his lamp of good deeds shines with a clear and steady light. A true

Libran is one to whom it is second Nature to "put himself out"; who knows how to exercise benevolence without a shade of patronage, because his will is so good that there is no need to urge it by any artificial means. The ideal Philanthropist is born under Libra,* and marks the transition stage between the "Justitian" and the Artist-Libran. The latter is somewhat less virile than the former type, extremely sympathetic, almost too responsive to the claims of Love and Beauty, often lacking in determination. Activity is the Libran zenith, "go-as-you-please" its nadir.

The perfect Libran demonstrates, in himself, the "moment eternal" of balance, harmony, equilibrium, the "perfection of poise, and the poise of perfection." Libra decadent, oscillates, with the haphazard movement of scales "out of order," and incapable of registering true rhythm. Even a decadent Libran always *means well*, and perhaps even his lowest degradation† may make the floor of the infernal regions a shade less hideous for the occupants!

The Angel of Libra keeps the Zodiacal Balance true. Tempering Justice with Mercy, Reform with due consideration for the halt, lame and blind (and the mass of "the great inert" who cannot move with the times, even if they would), he is the ideal Judge. No taint of rancour, no mirage of illusion, poisons or weakens the sight. His the true "*clair-voyante*" vision; he who, standing on the threshold of divinity, yet "turns the scale" as Man. "Tempted as we are, yet without sin. Too calm to suffer pain, too living to forget."

* Mrs. Annie Besant, Spiritual Reformer, Artist-Orator, good specimen of Libran.

† Hell-paver.

Doubts about "Christian Science."

By PAUL HONEY.

MINE are not doubts about anything Christlike or Scientific, but about the creed that is labelled "Christian Science." Certainly its influence has increased steadily during the past forty-five years, and it has drawn to itself an ever-increasing body of intelligent men and women. Still, all the old creeds can say the same thing. Neither numbers nor stability of organisation will demonstrate the worth of any creed or opinion.

In those Scientists claiming to be so accurately translating the Christ-teaching, it seems an inconsistency that there should be a commercial relationship established between the healer and the patient. The command, "Heal the sick, cleanse the lepers, raise the dead, cast out devils, freely ye have received, freely give," seems to be clear and definite enough. Moreover, it apparently refers directly to that which is *freely* received and should be *freely* given, namely, spiritual healing, as Jesus was giving his commands to those who were, with one exception, destitute of medical knowledge.

Throughout the Christ-teachings there seems to have been a general adoption of the beautiful idealism of Isaiah, which included passing on the knowledge of salvation "without money and without price."

Some of us have discovered that fasting is a

marvellously potent cure for physical (and mental) ailments, but I do not find that the "Christian Science" practitioner will tolerate any suggestion of such an adventitious aid to healing; preferring to teach the transcending of such material matters as food and eating.

Still Jesus fasted—Jesus used hydrotherapy, even "malicious animal magnetism." Yet this vital side of the Master's activities has been repudiated by "Christian Scientists."

Their methods of treatment, too, are directed towards removing the symptoms of disease, rather than removing the causes. Thus they fall into the universal error of regarding illness as an entity and as something, in itself, to be overcome, rather than recognising it as a beneficial *curing process*. So when the symptoms have been removed a "cure" is supposed to have been effected, while the fact is that all symptoms of the elimination of a disease may be removed, and yet the disease—the cause—remain untouched.

These, of course, are my own doubts, put forward all the more reluctantly that I have some friends whom I very highly esteem who are members of the Christian Science Church. Also, while I recognise that matter probably does not exist in any such sense as we mostly suppose, I know that it has existence independently of mind.

The Human Aura.

By LEWIS FIRTH.

ENCIRCLING the human form and extending beyond it is a finer body, the auric, which is the centre of man's mental and emotional life.

The substance of this body is unlike anything we are at present acquainted with, and responds readily to, and expresses, every mood and feeling of the emotional life. The human body is too slow to respond to the finer vibrations of the spiritual body, and what we call our emotional life is only a fraction of the causes set up in the finer garments of the spirit. Just as our earth only receives an infinitesimally small part of the solar rays, so our physical body can only receive, and express, a minute portion of the divine rays which filter down from the centre to the circumference. Energy is dissipated at every change from finer to grosser, and in all probability the purity of the light is thus obscured.

We may liken this finer body, which extends from two to twelve inches beyond the physical form, to the atmosphere of our earth. To the eye of the clairvoyant, it is not a rigid form, but a zone of colour, changing chameleon-like its hues with every passing emotion. Seen through Dr. Kilner's chemical screens, it appears not unlike a fine haze, without colour, varying in depth and density, in accordance with the health, moral and physical, of the individual. Every mood of the earth's atmosphere, from the cloudless skies of summer, the gorgeous sunsets of autumn, to the lightning's flash, accompanying storms, and the grey of winter, can be observed in the aura of man.

None but the clairvoyant can perceive the aura, but all sensitive people feel it, and some realise its presence in strange ways and translate these feelings into terms of direct or intuitive knowledge.

These auric emanations were first scientifically determined by Baron von Reichenbach, an Austrian scientist and philosopher, nearly a century ago. He conducted original experiments with sensitives, and demonstrated that such emanations proceed from crystals, metals, and magnets, as well as human beings. His work, translated by Professor Gregory, should be read by every student, for I am strongly of the opinion that psychical researchers have failed to appreciate and honour one who has rendered to psychical science, a monumental and painstaking work.

A simple experiment helps us to better comprehend the phenomena associated with the human aura. If we pass a beam of sunlight through a refracting medium, say a crystal, the elements will be split up and appear as a band of colour, in the following order—red, orange, yellow, green, blue, indigo, and violet. White light, then, is a synthesis of these seven colour notes. The colour of the human aura is not dependent upon sunlight, or on any other kind of physical light. On the contrary, it indicates in a striking manner a universal property of life, especially human life.

Man, the microcosm, is a universe in miniature. At the centre is the divine sun, radiating the pure white light of truth upon his bodies, which diffract the light, as it is determined by the

substance of the mental or emotional vehicles, and appear in the human aura, thus indicating to the seer the individual's moral and mental evolution.

When we refer to the colours of the human aura, let it be distinctly understood in a metaphorical sense, for all colours, whether of the rose, rainbow, spectrum, or aura, are phenomena wholly dependent upon the divine alchemy of consciousness.

The rays of spiritual light are refracted and reflected in accordance with the degree of attenuity of our bodies. No body can originate, however subtle its composition—and the finer its composition the quicker the response—the brighter colours that appear in the auric belt. It follows that the vibrations which accompany or precede ideation and emotion produce definite wave motions, attuned to express emotions or ideas only.

Each active constituent of thought or emotion may be determined by the sensitive, not quite so easily as the physicist demonstrates the elements of solar rays, but nevertheless, their presence and qualities in the human aura are scientifically established by observation, experiment, and deduction.

Analogy may help us to realize how clairvoyants perceive the aura. The brilliant sunsets are due, physicists inform us, to the presence in our atmosphere of fine microscopical and ultra-microscopical dust particles, which both refract and reflect the solar rays. Their absence would imply the loss to us of the golden glory of sunrise and sunset.

Now, may it not be possible that a constant stream of atoms or electrons or finer units still, are always passing over from the disintegration of unstable atomic systems in our bodies, to the finer body or bodies, which Spiritualists know exist within the human form. The rays from the divine centre as they pass through the different bodies, each with its own specialised substance towards the human body, become refracted and reflected as they meet the disintegrating stream of electrons, and the colours of the human aura are discerned by the clairvoyant.

Moreover, just as there exist absorption bands—Fraunhofer's lines—in the solar spectrum, due to elements in the white light becoming absorbed as they pass through the gaseous atmosphere of the sun; so there exists elements in our make up, which either absorb, neutralise or refract at such an angle, certain colours of the aura that they appear absent to the eye of the clairvoyant.

Repeated observations, carried on over many years, and comparisons made with many seers, have led us to certain tentative and provisional conclusions, viz., that the pure white light of the soul as it becomes refracted in its passage from finer to grosser bodies, reveals in the aura—by the presence or absence of definite elements—the knowledge of an individual's health, moral purity, and intellectual and spiritual evolution. Gross animal food, alcohol, tobacco, drugs, impure desires, selfishness in all its forms, and a low moral standard are factors which absorb or destroy

the purity of the spiritual sun. But devotion to lofty ideals, the search for the good, the true, and the beautiful; and purity in body and thought are vital factors in the building up of an inner

coat of many colours, proof against diseases of body and soul, and reflecting in all our moods and desires the gorgeous rainbow tints of the human spectrum.

“The Choice.”

AN ALLEGORICAL VISION.—By B. R.

The following article represents in an interesting form the Theosophical doctrine that the souls of persons who have already lived on earth return in other bodies for further earth-experience, and that they are permitted free choice as to the kind of life they wish for when re-incarnated.

I DREAMED a dream. I thought I stood in the Hall of Life, just before the departure of a Soul to earth-life. She was fair and lovely, but sadness rested on her face at leaving the Beautiful Life. A guide stood beside me to instruct me, and to explain all I did not understand. And yet it seemed so simple and so natural.

“The young soul, before it leaves may make a choice,” my guide told me, “a choice of gifts which are offered to it for the earth-life. See here comes one with a gift.” Music was being played, and as this one drew near it crashed out in great volumes of sound. A glittering figure stood beside the Soul, and diamonds and precious stones gleamed and shimmered over her robes.

“See,” said my guide, “wealth is offered to the Soul.” The fair Spirit gazed upon the gift and then shook her head, saying—“No, no, you dazzle me; and when I look upon you I cannot recall the Vision Beautiful of Life.”

“The Soul yearns to stay here in the place of greatest happiness, joy and peace,” said my guide, “but for the sake of others, and for its own further development it must go through these earth-lives. This Spirit dreads to leave all it loves best, and dreads to lose being in touch with Life. Great wealth on earth tends to make real things dim. The Master said—‘How hardly (with what difficulty) shall the rich man realise the Kingdom.’”

“See another gift is offered.” I looked up to see a laughing dancing figure of ever-changing colours, never still, holding out her hands to catch many-coloured balls, which floated round her, but as she grasped them they broke and faded, and she reached out for yet another. “’Tis Pleasure, restless, never content, beautiful to look upon, but ever elusive and unsatisfying.” The Soul turned away—“It wearies and confuses my sight.”

The music which had illustrated this gift by its restless themes now changed to epic grandeur, as a noble figure crowned with laurels, advanced towards the Soul. Fame offered now her gift, and held before her a crown of laurels. The Soul reached out to take it, but cried—“Alas! ’tis too heavy for me to wear; it will crush me down.”

“’Tis so,” said my guide, “to most to whom it comes. It takes a mighty Spirit to wear it worthily, too often it crushes down the Soul with pride and glamour.”

Then came a form of Moonlight-colouring. “I know not why, but that seems reflected light,” I said. “You thought truly,” replied my guide. “It is Happiness, beautiful indeed; but on earth it can only wear reflected light

from here. Therefore these who have it know that, even at its best, it is not real and true.”

The Soul gazed anxiously at it and yet sadly; then seeing one other coming near reached out her hands to it with joy. I would I could paint the beauty of this figure or describe the colour of her robes, which were of the softest Mother of Pearl dove-grey; she had wings of downy feathers, and her robes were edged with forget-me-nots, indescribable, wonderful. I felt sweep over me a strange yearning as I looked at the strong beautiful outstretched hands. I thought—“With you and your gift I feel I can remember Life, even when I dwell on Earth.” “When I touch you,” said a voice like unto many waters, “’twill be in love, that you may remember Love and Life, for I bring both.” I felt I could look in that beautiful face for ever. It recalled the face of the Christ, yet I knew it was not He, though of Him.

The music that was being played was full of longing, of loneliness, of beauty, the beauty of the moorland and the forest, of the mountain and the sea. “How blessed must be those earth-souls who have this gift,” I said.

“You think rightly,” said my guide, “and yet her name is what you on earth call Sorrow. You fear her and dread her, because you do not know she is the only gift who can recall to the Soul the joy of the Real Life, the golden thread which links those on earth with those in Life. This is the reason you have been permitted to see all this that you may tell those on earth that when Sorrow comes she comes as an Angel. One of your great good Men of Science called it, ‘a good Misery’; he is right to call it good, but let him say ‘a good Angel’ to bring God to every human heart, and to the great gift of the Knowledge of Life for Evermore.”



THOUGHTS.

I send thee thoughts, dear heart, those little things
Which speed thro’ vaulted space on mystic wings;
Unseen, unheard, unfettered—yet a chain
Stretched from my heart to thine, and back again.
A throb, a sigh, a wish, a fond regret,
A longing just to know thou’rt near me yet;
But near or far; ever within this chain
We meet and part; again and yet again.

I send thee thoughts, dear heart, love’s golden strands
Wafted on zephyr breeze to far-off lands;
Twining around thee there, perfect and pure,
Lifting thee, making thee strong to endure,
Oh! mystic union, sweet to kindred souls,
Heart answering to heart, the way unfolds
Clear as the Orient sky—boundlessly free—
Such are my thoughts, dear heart, and thine to me.

MARGT. NICOLSON.

Edinburgh.

Archdeacon Wilberforce on Peace and War.

THE BATTLE OF THE LORD. —By the Ven. Basil Wilberforce, D.D., London: Elliot Stock. Price 3s. net.

THIS book contains a collection of twelve timely sermons by one of the most eminent prophets of the day. They treat of war from many aspects, and will help to disperse unwelcome clouds from the minds of conscientious persons who find it difficult to reconcile their Christianity even with defensive warfare. We commend the book for careful study, and quote as a sample the following courageous passage on the present important issues of

PEACE AND WAR.

"To every Englishman capable of bearing arms I quote the inspired words: 'Remember the Lord and fight, for your brethren, your sons, your daughters, your wives, and your homes.' . . . If in self-preservation only, we Britons must fight to our last man. I am not forgetting the injunctions of the Prince of Peace. I long for peace, I pray for peace, but I know it is the law of the Infinite Self-Evolver that men have no right to ask Him to do for them what He purposes to do through them. Peace must be earned, it must be bought. I am an advocate of peace—peace at any price?—yes, at any price, even at the price of sanguinary war.

"If we do not sacrifice ourselves, at any cost, for the civilisation of the world, if we do not help to save Europe from this arch-enemy of human happiness, there will be no more peace or liberty in the world; and this can only be effected if Englishmen have the courage to fight and die for the freedom of humanity, for the land that bore them, and for 'their daughters, their wives, and their homes.'

"We are fighting for peace. An era of peace can only come from the obliteration of those principles which make for war, and those principles are incarnated in the

present troubler of the world, the man who can look God full in the face (at least the idol of his mind that he calls God) and, whilst blasphemously claiming to be the vice-regent of the Almighty, pray for success in a gigantic ambition that must bring death to thousands, and misery to millions of his own people.

"This call to arms does not come from any organised spiritual or political community, it does not come from Church or State, or from a dynasty seeking protection—it comes to the heart of every Englishman from God, God rightly understood, God the Immanent Self-Evolver. . . .

"Let us wipe out the suggestion that to fight is in every circumstance a violation of the hallowing spirit of the Christian revelation. The theory doubtless is correct, the ideal is unimpeachable. Every right-minded man yearningly sympathises with Tolstoy's noble indictment of war, but nothing is gained by an attempt to promote moral edification by self-delusion. We have to deal with the world as it is, not as we are all convinced it will be, when the spirit of Christianity prevails.

"The Millenium has not yet arrived, and, in the present condition of Europe, our nation is dreaming in a fool's paradise if it is not prepared to fight to a finish. This is a righteous war. A war in vindication of the liberty of humanity, and in defence of hearths and homes, is a direct co-operation with that divine slow-moving spirit of evolution which advances and educates humanity; and our heroes who are laying down their lives in France are, in the inwardness of things, carrying out the purpose of the Ruler of the Universe. . . .

"The revelation of the essential inseparability of God and man is the 'Home, Sweet Home' of the human race. When it is apprehended it will change the central currents of human purpose, regenerate human nature, make military despotism impossible, and abolish war. To this lofty standard Christian civilisation has not yet arrived, therefore men who are prepared to fight are indispensable to the civilisation of the world."

Our Question Department.

AN INTERESTING QUESTION FROM YORKSHIRE.

I should like a little light on a little experience which I have passed through. On Thursday, the ninth day of March, 1893, I came downstairs about 5.15. a.m. I was just going to put a pair of heavy working boots on, when I heard a voice which said—"Put your Sunday boots on," and I also felt a power which seemed to compel me to put on my Sunday boots. They were a pair of light boots, and I went to my work in them, not thinking any more about it. One o'clock came round and I was in the act of oiling the crank pin of a steam engine when my right foot slipped just as the crank was coming down, so it cut the end of my boot off, and four toes as well. As soon as that was done I heard the voice say—"Rip the boot and stocking off," and I again felt the power which enabled me to get my knife out of my pocket, cut the boot lace, the remainder of the boot, and the stocking, while I was standing on one leg. That done, the voice said, "Go to Huddersfield Infirmary." I should like to know who spoke? and what was that power? and why did it not tell me to stop away from my work instead of letting me get lamed for life? H.S.G.

ANSWER BY MR. W. H. EVANS.

This is one of those many experiences which are so puzzling, even to the seasoned student of psychic science. It is doubtful whether, in our present state of knowledge, any satisfactory explanation can be given. The best that can be done is to put forward a supposition. In the first place, there is evidence that someone in spirit life has a personal interest in our interrogator. Secondly, an attempt, unfortunately abortive, is made to warn him of some impending danger. Anxiety on the part of the spirit may have raised difficulties, unknown to us, and the message to wear a lighter pair of boots suggests this. But, on the other hand, the spirit friend may have foreseen the slip and its probable consequences, and thinking that a light boot would not be so slippery as a heavy nailed one, gave this impression, believing that a change of boots would prevent anything serious from happening. The fact that the influence was felt as soon as the accident took place, suggests that the friend was there watching and probably endeavouring to convey

other helpful impressions. As to who it was, one can only infer that it was some spirit friend interested in the welfare of our questioner. As to why it suggested a change of boots instead of telling him to stay away from work altogether, the above is a suggestion as to the reason of this. The friend may not have thought the accident was going to be so serious, for we must not forget that spirits are also limited in many ways.



THE WAVE AND THE CLOUD.

Little wave, dashing in impotent quest,
(Hurt on the rock, yet heedless of rest)
Quest for the sky, and the fleecy-white cloud

That thee doth enshroud:

Floating so softly, it seemeth to be
In some subtle way in kinship with thee;
And thou longest to reach it, to quiet the strife
Of thy restless sea-life!

Keep on in thy striving, sweet ocean-fed wave,
The Power that sustains thee this impetus gave;
But no longer dash wildly—to fall back in pain—
The highest to gain;

Learn thou the secret of Life's inner life,
(Nor think thou canst reach the heavens through
strife):

Yield to the rays of the quickening Sun—
And the heights shall be won!

From out thy true self it shall draw what is there—
Thy more subtle substance, whose home's in the air:
And another white cloud shall appear in the sky,
Its mission to ply.

E. J.

The Old Light and The New.

CHRISTIAN TEACHING FROM TWO POINTS OF VIEW.

BELOW we give a further instalment of THE OLIVE-GOODWIN CORRESPONDENCE, which should be interesting and instructive, alike to readers who still cling to the "old cardinal doctrines" and to those who have been led into new pastures. The letters are valuable inasmuch as they are quite impersonal, the writers, though both resident in Brighton, being unacquainted, and they bring out clearly the sharp distinctions between hard-and-fast religious views which used to be well-nigh universal, and those more liberal doctrines which are among the first fruits of greater freedom and enlightenment:—

"WHAT GOD HAS TAUGHT ME."

MR. OLIVE writes, *January 18, 1916*:

I certainly feel I am indebted to you for such an elaborate epistle, though its contents do not in the least shake any of my past experience. I trust what God has taught me some fifty-five years ago is as dear to me now as ever it was. It is in its effect the same as He taught the prophets, the psalmists, and the Apostle Paul.

ARGUMENTS I HAVE HEARD BEFORE.

Your principal argument appears to be to undermine the infallibility of the Word of God, and of course you use all the arguments for that purpose which I have heard and read many times before.

OUR SOUL'S SALVATION.

You must forgive me if I consider the tremendous importance of the salvation of your soul and mine demands a plain honest form of speech. I have offended a good many with the outspoken truth, but I always wish to have a conscience void of offence toward God and toward men.

I must say you do not appear to have ever found a true knowledge of God. Such knowledge begins with knowing yourself as a sinner in His sight. Such knowledge is the result of the eternal purpose of God. Note the call of the Apostle Paul when Saul of Tarsus (Acts ix. 4, 5, 6). Mind you, the Apostle was as much a child of God when persecuting the Lord's people, in God's eternal purpose, as he was when he stood on Mars hill. This you do not appear to accept, and I must say I fear you have yet to learn this great secret of a being taught of the Lord. (Isaiah liv. 13.)

REAL RELIGION

is more than notion; something must be known and felt. This is imperative in the experience of all those that are saved; to that extent that God, the Holy Spirit, shall design to give. I do not thus write in order to disprove the religious ideas of anyone, but feel I dare not tamper with so solemn a matter by pandering to the objections of anyone for the sake of retaining their friendship.

"THE FOUNTAIN OF A FALLEN NATURE."

You appear to be a stranger to that knowledge of the fountain of a fallen nature, you, in common with all the fallen sons of Adam, have in your flesh. But as you seek to overthrow the Bible by your arguments about mistranslations, &c., I say this, a person taught of the Holy Spirit cannot err, as the Spirit will not teach the Lord's people anything that is not in accordance with the infallible truth of God's Word. If any man have not the Spirit of Christ, he is none of His. My Sheep hear My voice. Divine teaching gives them the hearing ear. As Christ said unto His disciples, unto you is it given to understand the mysteries of the kingdom of heaven. But unto them it is not given. (Matt. xiii. 11.)

YOUR RELIGION NOT FROM DIVINE TEACHING.

But I know you will reject my quotations from the Bible, as I very much fear your religion never comes as the result of Divine teaching. As regards the clairvoyant part of our controversy I do not feel it would be any use for me to use any arguments as you will tenaciously adhere to the pleasure it gives you and your family. Here I would leave our controversy as I do not see much further use of carrying it on.

A POSTSCRIPT FOR THE CLERGY AND THE DEVIL.

P.S.—When by divine teaching you are led to cry "God be merciful to me, a sinner," I should like to have a line from you. Until then I am afraid our correspondence will not produce much useful purpose. In reading the modern ideas in connection with those who have fallen in this war the clergy of a rotten and corrupt Establishment are soothing the people with their own soft words—something like the false prophets in Ezekiel's days. The Devil probably never had such an opportunity to deceive the people as at the present crisis, he is doing his best as his time is short.

YOU MAKE NO ATTEMPT TO EXPLAIN.

MR. J. J. GOODWIN writes, *January 21, 1916*.

I have to thank you for your further letter of January 8. I am disappointed at same. I certainly expected to hear the information contained in my last letter was news to you, or that you would be able to give a good reply to same. You admit you have heard and read it all many times before, yet you make no attempt to explain it in any way, or offer any evidence to controvert any of it. Of course, the only conclusion I can come to, is, that you are unable to do so, yet you still ask me to build all my faith and preparation for eternity upon

YOUR PARTICULAR INTERPRETATION

of writings of unknown origin and very contradictory terms, that have been handed down to us by the Church which you condemn far more than I am prepared to do. These are writings upon which hundreds of books have been written, and all the various religious sects of Christianity claim to have built up their various dogmas and creed from them. Each claims to be the right and only one way of what you and they call future salvation, but even these doctrines have varied with time, down the ages. Why was I ever endowed with a reasoning mind and a certain amount of intelligence if I am not to use it?

THE ETERNAL PURPOSE.

You go on to refer to "the eternal purpose of God." I freely admit I do not profess to know the eternal mind, or purpose, but I know that God is Love, and believe His purpose, in placing me upon this earth plane, is for my good, that I may grow and develop my individuality and faculties to perceive and enjoy more fully the wonders of the next stage of life. I know that my first duty here is to show brotherly love, to all my brothers and sisters here in this school-house with me, following up the Christ command "that ye love one another." I know that many of life's lessons are learnt through pain and suffering, but that the ray of the Father's love is always piercing the darkest cloud, and that I have always been able to look back and see the divine purpose in every black cloud of trial I have had to endure; and like Paul of old I can glorify God for my trials.

"ONLY YOUR LITTLE BAND."

Well, Brother, there are many points in your letter I could take up, but see no purpose to be gained in doing so. The whole essence of your letter is that only those who think as you do, can receive inspiration or are taught by the Holy Spirit. Well, I do not know to what part of the Christian Church you claim to belong, neither am I interested to know. In any case the section you favour must be a very small number taken in comparison to the inhabitants of the world to-day, and yet you would have me believe that only your little band are taught of the Holy Spirit, and all other inspirations are counterfeit, or come from the Devil! And you want to establish such a statement by the pen of the very Church you condemn most. Surely, Brother, you are not serious. Tell me, why did the Holy Spirit speak in foreign tongues on the day of Pentecost, if it was not to show that inspiration was to be national and universal?

THE LORDS AND SAVIOURS OF HISTORY.

Tell me, why have Messiahs appeared in different parts of the world, who have taught practically the same teaching, done the same good, and worked similar miracles as Jesus Christ is credited with? I am of course referring to the Lords and Saviours of history, of whom Christ was the last.

Now to come to our own land.

BY WHAT RIGHT OR ARGUMENT

can you claim to be right above the claim made by every section of the Church? You say those taught of the Holy Spirit cannot err. Do you claim the Roman Church was taught by the Holy Spirit, or not? If yes, then why do you condemn it? If no, how can you accept its Bible as infallible? What about the English Established Church? Would you say the present Bishop of London has no divine teaching of the Holy Spirit? Or that the hard-worked and scantily-paid curates of many of the thickly populated and poorer parts of London and other large towns, who toil early and late to help the poor, administer to the sick and needy, and try to comfort the dying—have they no heavenly influence with them?

WHAT OF THE MARTYRS

who have suffered pain and agony of indescribable torture and death at the hands of others who claimed to be God's elect? Which do you think had the help of the divine spirit—the Tortured, or the Torturers?

WHERE DO YOU PLACE SUCH MEN

as Bunyan, Wesley, Spurgeon, and hundreds of others who do not belong to your little group? Were none of these taught by the Holy Spirit? these men all propounded the Bible in their own way, and claimed all you claim to-day. Who is to decide who are right?

A RAY OF LIGHT FOR ALL.

I say you and all of them had a ray of God's eternal light. Now, my dear Brother, come out of your little shell, that only lets in a small ray of that glorious light. Come into the open day, and see God's beautiful world, and God's brilliant sun of truth that shines on all, warming and giving life to all God's creatures. The rays of the sun reach all the inhabited parts of the earth, and produce perhaps a little different effect, according to climate, &c. Even so does God's eternal truth. You and I may not be able to see it just alike. If your ray suits you and feeds you by all means stick to it. I am more than satisfied with mine, and wish I could only get others to realise half what it is to me. But that will be in all good time, when the Father wills it so. On the day of Pentecost the Holy Spirit descended according to the promise of Christ, and it came to abide with us *for ever*.

In closing this correspondence for the present I must thank you for the trouble you have taken, I say for the present because I know we shall meet, and you will further open up the discussion, but that will probably be after one if not both of us have passed beyond the mortal state. Until then, I still ascribe myself your brother with all good wishes in your search for truth.

P.S.—As this correspondence originated in the *International Psychic Gazette* I am sending a copy to the Editor.

The correspondence, thus apparently closed by mutual consent, resumed its activity shortly afterwards, and a further interesting portion will appear in our May issue.

THE ANTIPODES INTERESTED.

Dunedin, N. Z.

Feb. 2, 1916.

DEAR SIR,—As a constant reader may I be one to compliment you on your reply to Brother Olive? Truly the Bible is a hallowed book read as intended. I write as one holding beliefs very similar to Brother Olive—though not so narrow—up till some years ago, when Spirit Messengers entered in upon our lives and enlarged "our" outlook. The point I wish to make is that anything one can take from the Bible is not narrow when properly understood, and therefore even such a paper as your *Gazette* may safely quote from it, and deal with it in connection with Spiritualistic matters, with advantage to all concerned. May I in conclusion say how much I appreciated your reply. You could hardly have written anything better in Mr. Olive's own interests.—
Yours faithfully, W. E. REYNOLDS.

You may believe what is false, but you can know only what is true.—M. J. Barnett.

"Truth is mighty, and must prevail." Be this our motto; no perhaps about it; absolute certainty of victory, unswerving confidence in the Almightiness of truth is the only armour which can protect us in our encounters with evil.—W. J. Colville.

A SEER AND HIS VISION.

(Letter to the Editor.)

DEAR SIR,—The other evening, a small band of us who sit together weekly for work on the unseen interpenetrating planes of life, were holding our séance. The Seer of the circle closed his eyes and was immediately conscious of another plane. He first saw masses of lovely blue flowers, unlike any flowers of earth, for they seemed to sparkle like precious stones, and light radiated from them in all directions. Then, looking further, he beheld a beautiful undulating country, with groups of the most charming homes imaginable scattered about in sweet and restful surroundings. Then in the midst of all he saw a magnificent temple. In this happy country, our Seer saw rolling towards him great masses, which looked at first like clouds in the distance, but as they drew near, he saw that they were the souls of those who had given their lives in the great world conflict.

Then, speaking through a lady-sensitive, one of our co-workers on the spirit-plane remarked—"These homes, seen by your Seer, are for those who have given their *earthly* all. The flowers are to welcome the brothers who have but lately quitted the scenes of horror and destruction upon your earth. Ah," she continued, "the people weep! Is your earth the land of joy that its inhabitants weep at the thought of leaving it?"

Our Seer replied—"Well, we find it a land of joy. It's a joy to help in this work." "Ah yes," replied the spirit sister, "*to serve others* is indeed joy!"

We have also had a number of interesting experiences in helping those who have suddenly passed into the larger life, to realize their freedom.

"It lies about us like a cloud,
That world we do not see;
Yet the sweet closing of an eye
Might bring us there to be."

I am, Yours, &c., EVA HARRISON.
Sunlongta, Wyld Green.

THE SOLDIER'S RETURN.

I sit alone and gaze into the firelight,
And backward through the years my spirit flies,
The shadows of the evening gather round me,
They hold me fast; I close my weary eyes.

I seem to see the blood-stained fields of battle,
The roar and shriek of shell fall on my ear;
And then in fancy 'mong the wounded lying,
I see my son stretched on a bloody bier.

I start! the picture is too sad and awful!
I lift my eyes and say, "Thy will be done."
But as I look, I see a form arising—
Oh, God! that surely cannot be my son!

For he upon the battlefield had fallen.
But one short week ago, his spirit fled
Away beyond the pale of earth's dark regions,
To higher realms among the so-called dead.

But yes! that radiant form is smiling on me,
A loving hand is placed upon my brow,
A voice so sweet, so full of gentle pleading
Is whispering, "Mother, dost thou know me now?"

"I am not dead, but only passed up higher
Into a beauteous realm of perfect day.
Where wars have ceased, and love alone is reigning,
And ne'er a shadow falls to dim our way;

"And where, in sweet communion, undivided,
We still can walk with those on earth we love,
Unbroken still the chain of joy and gladness
Which binds the earth to Summer Land above."

* * * * *

I sit once more and gaze into the firelight,
A crown of happiness rests on my head,
And still I seem to hear a sweet voice saying,
"I'm living, darling Mother, and *not* dead."

Glasgow.

ISABEL S. BROWN.

A Plea for Mental Fasting.

By ISABEL MACFARREN.

"Did ye at all fast unto Me?"

THE writer on Mental Healing in a recent issue of this paper admirably brought out a point which can never be too strongly emphasised, namely that, "true healing is vital and must come from the Spirit"; and further, that it "should be considered as a permanent attitude of mind, rather than a temporary concentration only."

In these enlightened days of dietetic reforms, nature cures, and metaphysical healings, many of us find ourselves out on an enthusiastic search for Health, than which there is surely nothing more commendable, since, in its every degree, this seeking is always an expression of the soul's blind groping after Goodness or God.

Let us not forget, however, that Health is not something that may be acquired at any one time by the following of some special course of treatment either mental or physical. Rather should we look upon it as an ever-present spring of Life, constantly renewing itself, coming fresh to us each instant, ready indeed to flood us in all our parts, if only we will open out enough to receive it. And therein lies the crux of the whole matter—this opening out is just what most of us have still to learn.

While thoroughly convinced that all disease is the outcome of wrong thinking, we are, at times, a little apt to forget that the causes of long-standing physical or psychic disharmony are sometimes so deep-seated in the subconscious mind, that it is verily indeed only by "fastings oft" and "continuing constant in prayer" that they can be uprooted and cast out from our mentality. And, during this Lenten season, with the great world-conflict still raging round us, it behoves us very specially to practise some of this "prayer and fasting" enjoined by the Great Healer, if we would help in the casting out of the evil spirits which continue to tear at the nations.

What do we really understand by these words "prayer" and "fasting"? If we take prayer to be "the soul's sincere desire" is not this that innate longing there is in each one of us for some Heaven that will be real and eternal to us now? Which of us, in our heart of hearts, cares to wait for a future state to bring us happiness? But, before we can attain the full blessedness promised to those who hunger and thirst after righteousness, God requires of us that great emptiness which belongs to "the poor in spirit," in order that His Wholeness alone shall fill us through and through. And this is "the fast which He has chosen" for us.

The word "fasting" of course means doing without food—but not necessarily physical food—though all fasting, whether of mind or body, is also in itself a prayer, inasmuch as it is a giving up, a letting go, which seems to leave open a door, whereby God enters in, as it were, unbidden. And, undoubtedly, if judiciously undertaken and sufficiently prolonged, physical fasting does remove the effects of disease, in a far more efficacious way than any drugs or dieting yet invented. It is a mighty process of purification, painful at times but thorough, in which all-forgiving Nature

being accorded a free hand, sets to work to do that which we are not always kind enough to do to ourselves. Fasting cleanses our magnetism, and as body reacts on mind, so it often happens that we get a great mental uplift after a fast. We may even entertain angels unawares. Indeed, sometimes we actually feel their gracious presence if we do not see them, and we know that they do come and minister unto us by a holy gladness that takes possession of our being, our very breath.

But, whatever raising of consciousness we may experience for a time, when all is said and done, without its necessary accompaniment mental fasting, mere abstention from material food, does not, cannot touch the original primal cause of any disease whatsoever. Unless we "go and sin no more" after fasting, our "last state" may "be worse than the first." We need also to fast mentally from all destructive thoughts and emotions, otherwise we are merely dealing with effects, which will certainly go on repeating themselves so long as we do not strike at their root cause. Condemnation (of others or ourselves), pride, irritability, fear, worry, depression, etc., all these are disintegrating, and must be ruled out of our consciousness. The mind has to be healed of its bondage to unruly, ignorant thoughts, the soul freed from the chains of inordinate affections and desires, before we can come into the enjoyment of our True abiding Health. So called incurable diseases *are not*, though their healing may not be in the hands of man. But "with God all things are possible," and prayer and fasting of heart and soul and mind and body, are as potent now in the healing of disease, as they were 1900 years ago in Galilee. Christ is still "the Saviour of our body," "the same yesterday, to-day and for ever."

And, when we give ourselves up to this work of regeneration, we find as we progress, that there are always more and more glorious heights for us to climb, before we can reach "God's holy hill." There is even more to be done than the refraining from the obviously destructive forms of thinking. There is yet "one thing lacking." We must "sell all we have." Even our most cherished opinions and feelings must be fasted from occasionally along with the rest. We have to learn to cease from all thinking and willing, that we may, like St. Denis, get "that most goodly knowing—the which is known by unknowing." For in the words of the great mystic, Jacob Boehme, it is only as we come to have our own power (*i.e.* the personal will) faint and weak and dying, that the Power of God will work in us and through us. Our strength is indeed "made perfect through weakness." Like David our "knees are weak with fasting," but we only lose our own understanding, that wisdom of the world-man which "is foolishness with God," to be born anew and gain that which is "revealed to babes"—the involuntary inspiration of the Spirit of Wholeness within. We begin to discover that the real way of living is, not by 'anxious taking thought, but as little children, trusting this Divine Breath within, to give us the true thought, the true feeling.

So, if we really desire the most perfect Will of God to be done in us, let us obey the command of mental fasting whenever the still small voice within urges us to do so. We may find it harder for the space of one short day than is the fasting from physical food for five weeks—the mental results accruing from a trial of either are well worth our attention. Let us remember that only

the "meek and lowly" One of heart has ever been able to demonstrate in full realisation the Truth of the words: "I AM the Resurrection and the life." And we too, if we have our Good Friday, when we are willing to enter the silence and darkness of Calvary, shall also have our Easter Morn, when we shall "awake after His Likeness and be satisfied with It."

Our Readers' Testimonies.

A BRISTOL READER:—"Your *Gazette* is splendid and most helpful."

A LONDON SUBSCRIBER:—"This month's *Gazette* is the finest, most helpful, yet."

THE CHIEF OF THE "CHEER-UPS":—"I finished reading the *Gazette* last night, and the articles are splendid."

A BELFAST SUBSCRIBER:—"The *Psychic Gazette* is one of the best magazines that has ever come into Ireland."

A CORK SUBSCRIBER:—"I hope this monthly increase will be sufficient to keep it going, as it is such a useful paper."

A PINNER (MIDDLESEX) READER:—"We are delighted with the contents of your *Gazette*, and wish you and it great success."

A DUMFRIES READER:—"With every good wish for your success in the difficult and uphill work of bridging the two worlds."

A MAURITIUS TEACHER:—"I have been much pleased to-day of hearing that your paper is doing great work nowadays in the world."

A BIRMINGHAM READER:—"All kind wishes for the further success of the *Gazette*. I think all the readers must agree they got their *sixpennyworth* this month."

AN EAST AFRICAN READER:—"Now I have read the *Gazette* I can fully understand your enthusiasm. The progress is wonderful, and it should grow into something great. I hope all will be smooth running in future."

A SPIRITUALIST LECTURER:—"The *Gazette* is meeting a long-felt want, and will appeal not merely to the student within our Movement, but also to the outsider seeking for knowledge on the vital questions of life and destiny."

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ONE OF MRS. DUFFUS'S "CHEER-UPS" ("Mrs. Wobbly"):—"The interview was very interesting, and to see our names and antics mentioned has quite made my hair curl! Some of the articles in the *Gazette* have given me more comfort than ever I thought to have again."

A MAIDA VALE SUBSCRIBER: We have great pleasure in renewing our subscription for the *Gazette*. We missed it very much when it was undergoing "a rest cure"! and we hope it has returned to stay. It is always a feast of good things—so broad and comprehensive

A KETTERING SPIRITUALIST:—"The *Gazette* meets a very long-felt want amongst the more educated Spiritualists, and will do much to advance our Cause, and put it upon a higher pedestal. The articles are superb, and one need not hesitate in placing it in the hands of friends who are not Spiritualists."

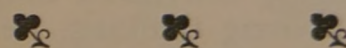
A MALVERN READER:—"The *Gazette* is very interesting, particularly the paper on Aloysia Meredith and her inspirational work. I hope you will be successful in getting funds to continue the very excellent paper, which is unique, although I am precluded by circumstances from doing anything but giving it my best wishes."

"TORCH-BEARER" AND "BRIGHTNESS":—"Please accept enclosed £1 note as a donation towards the X's of further issues of the *Psychic Gazette*. This is but a tiny thank-offering for all the Unseen Help we receive and seek, that others may also have and recognise." [We heartily thank our unknown friends "Torch-Bearer" and "Brightness" for their kind and helpful thank-offering.—ED. I.P.G.]

Mr. HANSON G. HEY: I trust the *Gazette* is going all right. It ought to do; it is bright, cheery and eclectic, three points to be proud of.

THE EDINBURGH SPIRITUALIST PRESIDENT:—"I am pleased to say, the raising of the price of the *Gazette*, so far as Edinburgh is concerned, has in no way lessened the sale. Our usual supply of six dozen were eagerly snapped up at our Sunday Services, and as our librarian will have informed you he has orders for more. I have eagerly read this month's issue and find it highly interesting and up to its usual standard of excellence."

A PRIVATE IN THE HONOURABLE ARTILLERY COMPANY:—"Please find enclosed a small donation [20/-] towards the maintenance of your magazine, the publication of which is undoubtedly one of the strong mediums in keeping 'the home fires burning.' Though considerably out of touch with psychic matters by reason of the 'kharki grip,' I look forward to the time when as a 'Leo' individual my energies may be more definitely connected with the constructive rather than the, at present, destructive forces of mankind. As you are among the former I beg to tender my 'widow's mite,' at the same time noticing the generally very superior level of your publication, which I wish every success."



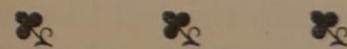
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"A bright and interesting number."—*Light*.

"An eminently readable number."—*Hawick News*.

"The *International Psychic Gazette* is one of the best foreign magazines that comes to our table. It is very broad in spirit and interesting in matter, and contains many metaphysical articles."—*Constructive Thinker*, Baldwin, L. J., New York, U.S.A.

"The *International Psychic Gazette*, since its re-issue some months ago, has taken on a new lease of life and an increased career of usefulness. Clearly printed on excellent paper, and liberally illustrated with portraits of notable persons in the psychic field, its monthly visits to our sanctum are always welcomed. As a literary magazine (not intended as a competitor with the existing newspapers of Spiritualism) the *Gazette* provides a 'feast of fat things' that must win for it an enduring place. The March issue is one of the best and well worth the price, though now raised to sixpence owing to paper restrictions. The editor is to be congratulated upon the ability he displays."—*The Two Worlds*.



SALESMANSHIP AND PHRENOLOGY.—In a recent address on "Salesmanship" to the Sussex Advertising Club, at Brighton, Professor J. Millott Severn expressed the view that one result of the war would be a great demand for brains in business. Of late years far more intellectuality had to be put into business concerns than was the case even a few decades ago. The tremendous business developments all over the world had called for this, and in the future business would claim much of the brains that had hitherto gone into the professions. The fact that Business Clubs had sprung up all over the country was an indication that business people were realising the need of a higher intellectual status, and if men had the intellect they could do better in business than in a profession. Mr. Severn pointed out that salesmanship lent itself to a variety of ways of treatment, and he dealt with it chiefly on a phrenological basis, because his opinion is that this gets at the root conditions for human actions. A glance at a customer's head should enable a well-instructed salesman to read his character, and deal with him accordingly on the best business lines.

The International Psychic Gazette

SERIES OF SATURDAY AFTERNOONS AND OTHER MEETINGS

for which the services of well-known LECTURERS and CLAIRVOYANTS have been spontaneously and generously offered, with a view to help the SUSTENTATION FUND of the INTERNATIONAL PSYCHIC GAZETTE.

The Meetings will be held in the

**W. H. SMITH MEMORIAL HALL,
4, Portugal Street, Kingsway, W.C.**

On SATURDAY AFTERNOONS at 3 to 4.15, excepting in the case of Mr. Jeffrey's Lecture and Mr. Charman's Exhibition, which will be held at the International Club, 22a, Regent Street, W.

PROGRAMME.

Saturday, April 8th.

Mr. J. MacBETH BAIN. Lecture on "The Service of Song for the Healing and Liberation of the Soul," with Illustrative Songs by the Lecturer. Silver Collection

Tuesday, April 11th.

Mr. TOM CHARMAN will give an Exhibition in the Drawing-Room of The International Club for Psychical Research, 22a, Regent Street, of "Wonders of Nature collected during his Wanderings in the New Forest." These include curious pieces of tree and bush, which resemble fishes, snakes, crocodiles, frogs, snails, dragonflies, birds, prehistoric animals, and grotesques.

Mr. J. MacBeth Bain will open the Exhibition at 12 noon with a short Explanatory Address, and will sing Gaelic Songs of his own composition.

The Exhibition will continue open till 8 p.m. Admission 1/-

Thursday, April 13th.

Mr. Wm. JEFFREY, Glasgow, will Lecture in the Drawing-Room of the International Club, at 7 p.m., on "Spirit Photography," and will give a Lantern Display of recent photographs of Departed Friends, including those obtained of Mr. W. T. Stead. Admission 1/-

Saturday, April 15th.

Mrs. WESLEY ADAMS. Address and Clairvoyance. Mr. W. H. Evans, Merthyr Tydfil, will preside. Silver Collection.

Saturday, April 22nd.

Easter Holiday. No Meeting.

Saturday, April 29th.

Mr. ALEXANDER ERSKINE, the famous Hypnotist, will Lecture on "The Curative Power of Hypnotism," and will be accompanied by Signorina Cesira Cattaneo, the Italian young lady he lately restored to sight, who will sing French and Italian Songs. Dr. Abraham Wallace, Harley Street, will preside. Silver Collection.

Saturday, May 6th.

Mr. JOHN LEWIS, the Editor of the *International Psychic Gazette*, will tell the Story of his First Contact with Spiritualism, and Clairvoyance will be given by Miss McCreadie and Mr. J. J. Vango, the two Mediums who gave him his first remarkable proofs. Silver Collection.

May 13th and 20th.

Hall not available. No Meetings.

Saturday, May 27th.

Mrs. MARY GORDON will give an Address and Clairvoyance. Silver Collection.

Saturday, June 3rd.

Madame M. E. ORLOWSKI will give an Address and Clairvoyance. Silver Collection.

Saturday, June 10th.

Whit Holiday. No Meeting.

Saturday, June 17th.

Mrs. CANNOCK will give an Address and Clairvoyance. Silver Collection.

Saturday, June 24th.

Mr. HORACE LEAF will give an Address and Clairvoyance. Silver Collection.

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Back numbers of the PSYCHIC GAZETTE may still be had as follows:—Nos. 1 to 25, excepting Nos. 6 and 19, from Mr. Hewart McKenzie, 1, Stanley Gardens, Notting Hill Gate, W., at 4d. for 1; 7d. for 2; 10d. for 3; 1s. 6d. for 6; and 3s. for 12 post free.

No complete sets of Volume 1 can now be obtained, but a few sets of Volume 2 are still on sale and may be had from the Publisher, 26, Bank Buildings, Kingsway, W.C., on receipt of remittance for 4s. 6d. Application for these should be made as soon as possible, as the supply is limited. Nos. 25, 26, 27, and 28 can be had, post free for 5d. each, from same address.

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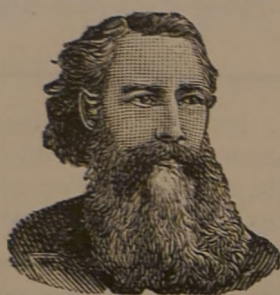
April 23.—Mrs. A. BRITTAIN, Clairvoyance.
" 30.—Mr. A. VOUT PETERS, Clairvoyance.
May 7.—Mr. HORACE LEAF, Address and Clairvoyance.
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